

# CIVITAS

CAMPBELL

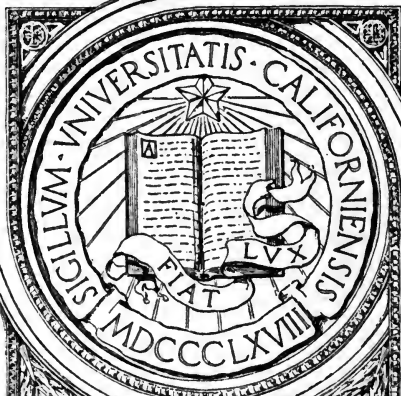
UC-NRLF



\$B 248 549

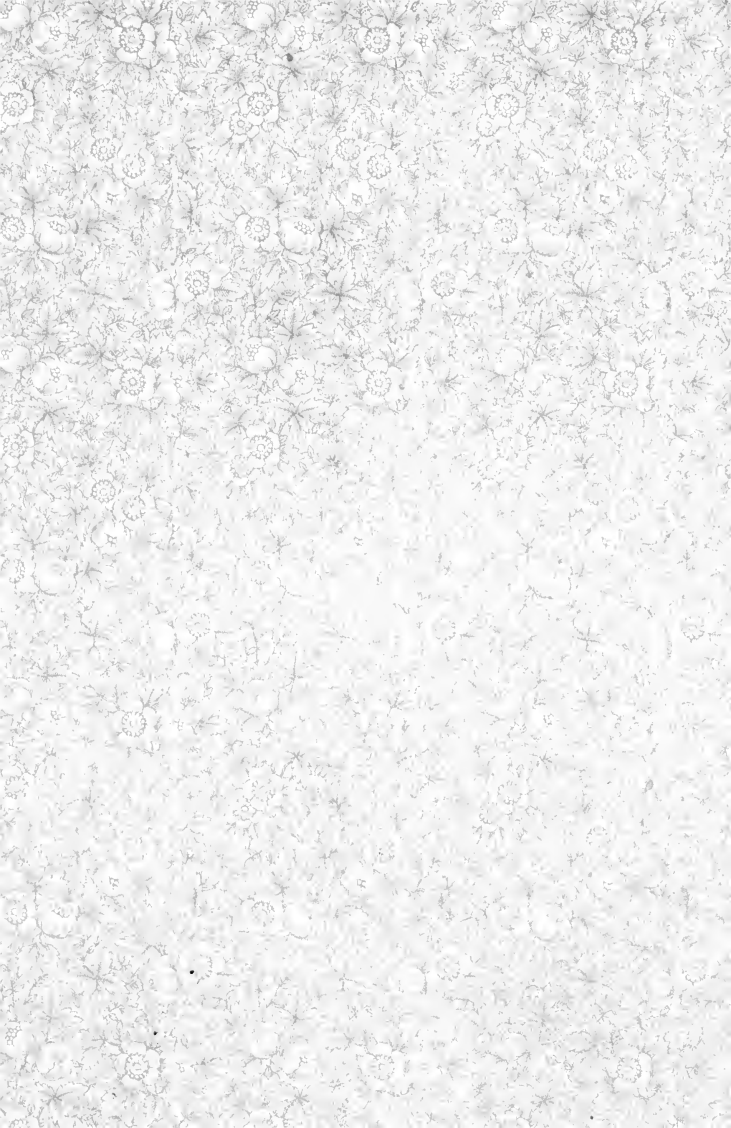
GIFT OF

THOMAS EDWARD BACON  
MUSEUM LIBRARY

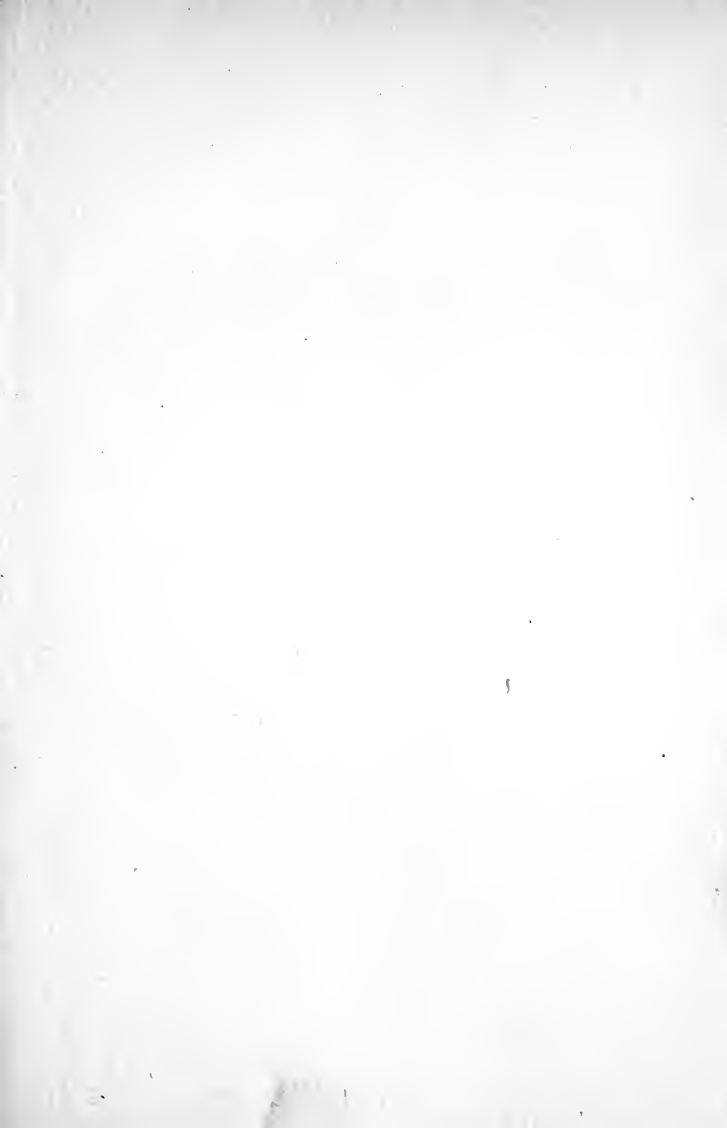


EX LIBRIS

955  
C192









THE ROMANCE OF OUR  
NATION'S LIFE

WALTER L. CAMPBELL

“ . . . And it falls out in this case, as the physicians say of an hectic fever, that at first it is easily cured and hard to be known, but in process of time, not being observed or resisted in the beginning, it becomes easy to be known, but very difficult to be cured : so it is in matters of state, things which are discovered at a distance—which is done only by prudent men—produce little mischief but what is easily everted ; but when, through ignorance or inadvertency, they come to that height that every one discerns them, there is no room for any remedy, and the disease is incurable.”—MACHIAVELLI.

NEW YORK & LONDON  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
The Knickerbocker Press

COPYRIGHT, 1886,  
BY  
WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

TO THE  
AUTHORS

Press of  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK



PS1252  
C48C5  
1886  
MAIN

## CONTENTS.

---

PART.	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION.....	I
I. THE TEMPTATIONS AND THE TEMPTERS. ....	4
II. THE WOOING AND THE WOOED.....	34
III. THE BROKEN VOW.....	61
IV. THE TEST AND THE TRIUMPH.....	95



# CIVITAS.

---

## INTRODUCTION.

THE poets, who, in superstitious times,  
Gave fancy wing, and told their dreams in rhymes,  
Might ask assistance from those cultured sprites  
Who occupied, of yore, Olympus' heights ;  
To Sinai or Parnassus might they go,  
As well as other places, high and low,  
A goddess, muse or something else invoke,  
From God's own spirit down to Bolingbroke ;  
For in their songs the gods held warm debates,  
Extolled their loves and justified their hates ;  
Or devils plotted for the fall of man ;  
Or fancy sought to solve creation's plan.  
In songs like these some goddess might assist  
And give the verse, as 'twere, a heav'nly twist ;  
Might tell how Juno curtain-lectured Zeus,  
And how he thundered when her tongue was loose ;

Or bit of gossip of no more import,  
A piece of scandal shaking Jove's high court.

Some muse or other might, for themes like these,  
Cut channels for the flow of ecstasies.

A business age, on business ends intent,  
Should have a song of quite a diff'rent bent ;  
Should have its genius paid the honor due,  
And give to poets a more modern cue.  
To publishers, not muses, they should go  
To seek the help that makes the rhythm flow ;  
Should keep their fancy's flights in reach of earth,  
And find, in pennies earned, the test of worth.

So I now sing a plain terrestrial verse  
Which some may like, which many more may curse ;  
But, liked or curs'd, it mighty truths reveals  
Which every one, who thinks, in secret feels.

I sing a hero more illustrious far  
Than Alfred Great or Henry of Navarre,  
Epaminondas, or King Philip's son,  
Or any who Olympic laurels won,  
Or fought 'round Troy, or Roman legions led,  
Or in crusade for God and glory bled ;  
Who seemed a man but was himself a state,  
Beloved of Heaven, favored of kind fate ;  
As man was tempted, as a god withstood,—  
Preferred a lasting to a seeming good ;  
Reached up to heav'n and brought a goddess down,

And wooed and won an everlasting crown ;  
Forgot his vows awhile afar to rove,  
Returned ere long obed'ent to his love ;  
Who coped with perils menacing the state,  
With corporations vast and Plutarchs great ;  
With anarch's schemes to murder, wreck and rob,  
Dethrone all law and glorify the mob ;  
With politicians' arts and shameless wiles—  
The craft unwary innocence beguiles ;  
Whom, for his triumphs, all the world applauds—  
As hero hails and ranks among the gods.

## PART FIRST.

### THE TEMPTATIONS AND THE TEMPTERS.

SURNAMED America, young Civitas  
Had fought the battle of the world, to pass  
The barrier which tyranny had set  
Athwart the goal of man's hard toil and sweat.  
Unfriended, prostrate, bleeding, sore, alone,  
He lay upon the field his valor won,  
And lying there and pondering in his pain,  
He 'wailed his loss, perceiving not the gain.

“For what have I my dauntless courage shown,  
Defied a king, struck terror to a throne ;  
From England's crown the richest jewel snatched,  
Her power humbled, her armies overmatched ;  
To win a land I'm impotent to rule ?  
To be ambition's sport, the anarch's tool ?  
To learn submission to a darker sway,  
And see a blacker night for promised day ?

“O petty States, O foolish, wicked strife !  
O mean ambition that could pluck the life

From all the kindling hope and mighty aim,  
My warriors gave far more than warriors' fame ! ”

“ Hush, hush, young Civitas,” a voice exclaimed,  
A voice of brass, with passions fierce inflamed.  
Its accents grated harsh on nerve and ear,  
Bade aspiration die, bade hate and fear  
And discord, slaughter, vengeance, malice, spite  
Unchain their rage and earth and hell unite.  
Such voice, such accents with such fiend-like mien,  
(So much of portent lurked the words between)  
Aroused young Civitas from dolorous mood  
To scan the presence which beside him stood :  
A woman's form of more than woman's power,  
Blear-eyed, strong-jawed, low-browed, each look a  
lower,

Her fingers claws, like tusks her teeth, and all  
Forbidding, hateful. Thus he heard her call :

“ Hush, hush, young Civitas, complain no more ;  
Forget thy past, thy present now explore.  
See, here to thee a continent is giv'n,  
From ancient worlds, from ancient customs riv'n.  
Thou stand'st alone to work thine own design,  
No precepts bind thee and no laws confine.  
Nor right nor wrong, nor good nor ill shall be  
Except as thou shalt will and thou decree.  
Each vice, each virtue shall, perchance, abide ;  
But virtue vice shall be if thou decide,

And murd'rous reddened hands be washéd white,  
And right, wrong; wrong, right; thrift, theft; kindness, spite.

The ugly thou shalt crown with beauty's love,  
And beauty damn to zestless spheres above.  
Thus up to down and down to up thou'lt press,  
Till saints and imps will each the other bless,—  
One day not knowing who the next will be  
The arbiter supreme of destiny.  
Equality will thus become, ere long,  
The glory of thy state, its bulwark strong.

“Arise, young Civitas, despond no more;  
With courage rise, thy forming state explore.  
See Law dethroned and of his power shorn;  
See Justice die, from pleading Mercy torn;  
See Crime rebel against Tradition's sway,  
In battle join and win the gladsome day.  
See those who served him in the years ago,  
Whom kings had learned to fear and men to shun,  
Surmount the prison wall and force the gate  
To aid, with willing hands, to form thy state.  
See Retribution arm with vengeful might  
And punishment for punishment requite.  
See Innocence the shame and suff'ring share  
Which partial laws prescribed for Guilt to bear.  
See now the tide of human woes flow back,—  
A happy world in its receding track.



As fools have forced our race the downward road  
By striving hard to drive it up to God,  
So thou wilt force it up by pushing down,  
And law and justice new, wilt newly crown."

When heard young Civitas the voice of brass  
With passions fierce inflamed, he cried, "Alas,  
Alas the day my unstained sword I drew  
And summoned freemen by the sign they knew  
To marshal swift their armies for the field  
And smite the tyrant 'gainst all justice steeled !  
The deed is done, the noble land is free,  
The world is thrilled with new-born ecstasy.  
From swelling throats the glad thanksgivings rise,  
And round and round the globe the echo flies,  
'We're free—we're free,' exulting lips proclaim,  
'And God is good ; blest be His holy name.'  
Alas, that victor's song should marréd be  
By jargon spawn of shameless blasphemy !  
But whence art thou ? thou leering, gibbering  
ghoul,

Tell me thy name and purpose, fiend or fool.  
If thou hast come a tempter to ensnare,  
(For so it seems) I'm bold thy worst to dare.  
If aught but ill thy presence here portends,  
I bid thee speak. My mind to audience bends."

"Most bravely spoke," replied she, "noble youth,  
The challenge I accept. Canst bear the truth ?

My name's Anarchia, my purpose plain.  
I'd spare thee agony and strivings vain.  
I'd bring thee to thy goal without the race,  
The goal towards which thou'st turned thine eager  
face.

Thou wouldst thy hope and thine ambition bind  
In solemn league to bless all human kind?  
All human kind will laugh at thy conceit,  
Will spurn thy love and write thee down a cheat.  
If thou wert old as thou art young, O youth,  
Thou wouldst not seek to 'scape this saying's  
sooth.

If thou hadst seen the nations come and go,—  
The hopes deep buried 'neath their ceaseless  
flow,—

The hearts that broke for gratitude denied,—  
The heroes slain in sacrifice to pride;—  
Each high endeavor made all selfish seem,  
And selfishness with godlike lustre beam,  
Then thou wouldst wonder not at my request,  
And prompt obedience give to my behest."

Young Civitas replied in proud disdain:  
"Thy name's Anarchia, thy purpose plain.  
Thou'dst bring me to the goal without the race,  
The game wouldst give without th' exciting chase;  
The prize, unwon, would in possession come,  
And ease, contentment be of life the sum.

Sayst thou not so? Then this mine answer take :  
 Though hopes bestrew the flood of nations' wake,  
 Though hearts are broke for gratitude denied,  
 Though heroes die in sacrifice to pride,  
 Though high endeavors made all selfish seem,  
 And selfishness with godlike lustre beam :  
 To hope, to toil, to strive, will still be mine ;  
 To hope, to toil, to strive and ne'er repine ;  
 To hope, to toil, to strive, mankind to bless—  
 And fail, if fail I must, but none the less  
 To hope, to toil, to strive myself to raise  
 'Bove mean ambition's ends and selfish ways.  
 But what was the request thou hadst to make ?  
 Hadst better little ask—for thine own sake."

Anarchia made, with a sneer, reply :  
 "O noble youth, O child of destiny,  
 To hope, to toil, to strive, thou'dst make thy lot.  
 And is that all? There's naught that thou'st forgot?  
 Dost thou not think it labor huge might be  
 From mean ambition's thrall to rescue thee?  
 For such a task a counsellor and guide  
 Not need? sometimes to urge, sometimes to chide?  
 O'erconfidence will wane as pass the years,  
 Presumptuous youth is surely brought to tears.  
 Beware, young Civitas, of self beware ;  
 Presumption tempts thee and may prove thy snare.  
 Alone thou art, unfriended, save by me,

And I, thy guide and counsellor, would be.  
Thy wounds I'd heal, thy mind, despondent, cheer ;  
Thy toils would share, dispel thine every fear.  
Together we will march the nations through  
And turn them upside down with manners new,  
Our armies singing, as they sweep along,  
Th' inspiring truth—"Whatever is, is wrong !"

"I'll hear no more," young Civitas broke in,  
"I've with thy chatter far too patient been.  
A guide and counsellor I know I'll need,  
But never one of thine unhallowed creed.  
When hope shall mother of despair become,  
And by her arts all high endeavor numb ;  
When darkness shall refuse to yield to light  
And wrap the world in a perpetual night ;  
When worse ne'er better can become, but worse,  
And life is seen but as a cureless curse ;  
When all things hateful shall most perfect seem  
And hell become of bliss the ideal dream ;  
I then thine aid and counsel might invoke ;  
For what could added be to man's hard yoke ?  
I then might listen to thy silly song,  
And brawl with thee—"Whatever is, is wrong !"  
Anarchia, I bid thee now begone ;  
I'm lonely here, but still would be alone.  
Unfriended I would rather ever be  
Than have thee, hated, near to hear or see."

Swift through her veins the crimson currents rush,  
O'erspread her brazen cheeks with angry flush.  
Fierce from her snaky eyes the lightnings flash,  
And passions into fury passions lash,  
And all, contending in her writhing form,  
Erupt in fires, a wild, Vesuvian storm.  
Her quivering nostrils pour out smoky breath,  
Her venom'd tongue seems charged with sting of  
death.

In aspect terrible and threat'nings worse,  
She thus, on Civitas, pronounced her curse :—

“Thou bid'st me now begone, and I obey.  
I go, but I return another day.  
When thou hast bound in one thy warring States,  
And vanity of thy great genius prates ;  
When from these woods spring cities large and fair,  
And wealth abounds, the nursling of thy care ;  
When, on yon prairies, untold millions thrive,  
And bless the hand that could such plenty give ;  
When temples countless rise and schools abound,  
And all thy learning is with culture crowned ;  
When ships, rich freighted, cover every sea,  
And ever wing their golden flight to thee ;  
When all the nations envy thee thy power,  
And, when thou frownst, in cringing homage cower ;  
When thou art all ambition could desire,—

Far more than all thy hope could now aspire,—  
Then, then I'll come, and for that coming wait ;—  
Secure then lock thy door, bar strong the gate.  
The Furies are upon thee, Civitas,  
On thee and thine,—and now has come to pass  
The dire fulfilment of my dream of hate  
In awful vengeance wreaked on thy proud state.”

“Like roar of mighty waters, wrathful feet  
Rush through thy cities and to ruin beat  
Each palace proud, where wealth its banner flies ;  
Each humble shop, where labor want supplies ;  
Each holy church, where faith its fire renews,  
And court of law, where conflict order brews.  
The beautiful of art, and deft device ;  
Each worthless thing, and things above all price ;  
Machines to bless, machines to curse mankind,  
In havoc's rage, a doom in common find.

“Then Murder waves his blood-red banner wide,  
And slaughter forward moves with giant stride ;  
And men and beasts, and creatures—all that live,  
Their life's warm streams for his libations give.  
Now crimsoned run thy rivers to the sea,  
And drenched with blood are mountain, wood, and  
lea.

In heaps of dead, in myriad piles of slain  
Is told the tale of thy presumptuous reign.

“Then Fire comes, with mounting flames and  
fierce,

To sweep the earth of relics of my curse.  
He quickly drinks the reddened rivers dry ;  
Where Murder butchered, banquets merrily.  
To wing his flagging flames, the tempests wake,  
And o’er the land increasing horrors break.  
From field to town, with baleful speed, he leaps,  
From town to field, he still his harvest reaps,  
Until nowhere the oceans’ shores between  
A creature breathes, or living plant is seen.

“The storm of death and ruin now is past,  
Thy peerless realm—a desolation vast.”

Anarchia, to frenzy giving rein,  
By gestures wild enforced her meaning plain.  
Her claw-like fingers twitched as though to tear  
To shreds him who could thus reject her care.  
Her tusk-like teeth seemed ready to devour,  
So madly ground they with each leer and lower.  
She nathless ceased and in a trice was gone,  
And Civitas, confounded, left alone.  
On what was said, and what it bode he mused ;  
The promise and the threat, alike confused.  
The power to him was not yet giv’n to see  
Of life the boundless possibility.  
Of cities springing from the forests, great ;

Of prairies budding into many a state ;  
Of wealth and honor such as she described ;  
Of empire vast, as her bold words implied,  
He'd never hoped, nor even dared to dream ;  
Impossible e'en now did it all seem.  
If this were true, then could it ever be  
Her curse could blast so proud a destiny ?

He soon forgot both prophesy and threat  
In that which now his eager vision met.  
The height ascending, straight to where he lay,  
A litter's borne by strangers to the way.  
With hesitating feet they climb the steep,  
And measured step, with difficulty, keep.  
Behind, a pageant, proud with pomp, is seen,  
With plume and pennon gay and helmet's sheen.  
The trappings of a dead, forgotten time,  
With present place and needs seemed ill to chime.  
So thought young Civitas, and musing, said :  
    " Exceeding like the living, looks the dead ;  
Like power, mere pomp ; like culture, tinselled  
    dress ;  
Like substance, show ; like splendor, foolishness.  
Behind *without* there's always a *within* ;  
Parade, to impotence, is near of kin."

Before him now the litter halted stands,  
The curtains drawn aside with servile hands.



A woman rises from the cushioned seat,  
And thus, young Civitas, she deigns to greet:

“Young Civitas, young Civitas, to thee  
The waning star of hope has guided me.  
Across the seas my willing bark I’ve sped,  
To stand before thee with uncovered head  
And tell how power, opposed by notions new,  
Is daily shorn of ancient honors due ;  
How thrones are swiftly crumbling to their fall,  
And monarchies in vain for mercy call ;  
And how Anarchia’s in way to gain  
Earth’s proudest empires old for her domain.  
Now, *now’s* thy time. Young Civitas, arise,  
And universal empire make thy prize.  
Can age, decaying, vig’rous youth withstand ?  
Can kings, despairing, brave thy firm demand ?  
Be vigorous, be firm,—’bove all, be swift.  
In conquests, dash is surest pledge of thrift.  
What sayst thou, Civitas ? Dost thou agree ?  
Seest thou the scope of that I seek of thee ?  
But hold,—thy pardon—I my name should tell,  
It is Monarchia ; thou knowst it well.”

With charming grace and gesture dignified,  
With manner winsome, free from show of pride,  
Monarchia young Civitas imbued  
With conscious sense of his attainments rude.  
Persuasive, though reserved ; though trustful, keen ;

In every act and word she shone a queen.  
Her aged eye grew lustrous as she spoke,  
Her voice was less and less by tremor broke.  
Her form, bowed down with weight of years,  
Became erect, defiant ; as the fears  
Of change, disaster, revolution's shock,  
Struck her reviving hope, as waves the rock,  
And back recoiled, returning whence they rose,  
Mere mists from doubt's dark sea—mere fancied  
foes.

But still decrepitude was clearly there  
In wasted frame, and features worn with care.

Young Civitas was puzzled what to do ;  
His mind was clear, he well his answer knew,  
But lacked the tact of talking smooth but straight.  
Still he rejected thus the tempting bait :

“ Monarchia, 'tis not for me to seek  
Dominion of which thou but now didst speak.  
If monarchies are hast'ning to decay,  
And powerless are the march of death to stay,  
Then be it so. The sentence : ‘ Thou art weighed,  
And in the balance wanting found,’ is laid  
Upon them, and that judgment firm and sure,  
Though 'gainst it we should fight, must aye endure.  
That true the finding is, the judgment just,  
'Tis only they dispute who God distrust.  
When power's exerted to distress and rob,

And kings defy the law and play the mob,  
The hour has struck, the time has come to prove  
No throne foundation has, save subjects' love.  
'Gainst Heav'n itself thou then wouldst have me  
arm ;

Wouldst have me slay myself the right to harm ;  
The victor's fame and spoils wouldst have me gain,  
To forge, for peoples crushed, th' oppressor's chain.  
Am I a fool my ruin to invite ?  
Am I a knave to war upon the right ? ”

Monarchia thus answered, pleading still :  
“ I seek to move thy judgment, heart and will,  
O Civitas, my most just cause to 'spouse.  
No one, than I, to Heav'n more humbly bows ;  
But 'tis presumption, something worse, I ween,  
For man to think he's God's high purpose seen.  
'Tis God's own will that his anointed rule,  
And fighting this it is that makes the fool ;  
And he's the knave who wickedly rebels  
And from his own a God-sent prince expels.  
'Tis God's own voice, through me, that summons  
thee

To breast the flooding tide of anarchy  
And roll it back,—back to the surging sea  
Of reason riot run, from faith torn free.  
Hear'st thou my plea ? And hearing wilt thou heed ?

Thy sword unsheath ? My hard-pressed armies  
lead ?

Then plight me now thy faith this work to do  
And give my trembling age a vigor new.

If my experience thy youth but guide,  
Who can with us the world's sole sway divide ? ”

Young Civitas, half rising, quick replied,  
His words an honest purpose firm implied :

“ Monarchia, I hear but cannot heed.  
I ought not and I will not legions lead  
To batter down the wall which freedom's built  
Against oppression's power of craft and guilt.  
In freedom's cause with heroes true to bleed,  
And on the husks of disappointment feed ;  
In cause of truth the martyr's crown to wear ;  
In cause of God the saint's rebuffs to share ;  
Would better be, by far, than thy sole sway  
Which flatterers would laud and slaves obey.  
Our youth and age would ill consorted be ;  
The coming and the come can ne'er agree.  
The *come's* at rest, the *coming's* moving still ;  
A work is done, a mission's to fulfil.  
Dost understand my sayings, dark but true ?  
I will be plain. My work is strange and new ;  
Thy wisdom's here no place, thy heart's averse ;  
Thine aid would but impede, thy counsel curse.”

Monarchia rejoined, but with less heart :

“I take thy meaning, but would not depart  
And leave thee, to thyself, without a word.  
Canst thou not see thy reasoning is absurd?  
Canst thou not understand that, wedded, we  
As one would be in years and sympathy?  
If age should youth become, and youth discreet,  
What’s lost? Does my new vigor thine deplete?  
O no, young Civitas, we both would gain;  
A future I, and thou a past, one twain.  
Methinks thou of discretion hast great need,  
If, in thy lofty aims, thou wouldst succeed;  
If rival States thou wouldst concordant make,  
And force of envy and ambition break.  
Rude inexperience never gets its own,  
When statecraft schemes and cunning’s on the  
throne.

If not for me, then for thine own sake, lend  
My plea thine ear, and to my wishes bend.  
Once more thine answer I attendant wait;  
Weigh what I’ve said, consider thine own state.”

Young Civitas, rejoining, bolder spoke:  
“My fair designs I’ll never seek to cloak.  
Though craft and cunning should dark schemes  
contrive,  
’Gainst honest purpose never can they thrive.  
The true the false, the fair the foul must beat,  
Or truth becomes mere fiction; God a cheat.

Thy statecraft and thy cunning then retain  
For use by those who want their use's gain ;  
For me, fair ends I'll seek by methods fair,  
And trusting Heav'n, deserve its kindly care.  
The gulf so broad and deep 'twixt thee and me  
Can ne'er be bridged by mutual sympathy.  
Dost thou but for a single moment think  
I could my duty for thy wishes blink ?  
I damn the land that Heav'n has giv'n to me  
To mould into a nation of the free,  
By planting here traditions of thy rule ?  
O no, Monarchia, I'm not a tool  
Thy selfish schemes to work. If this reply  
Now satisfies, 'twere well to say good-bye."

Though thus by Civitas repulsed, dismissed,  
Monarchia did not e'en yet desist ;  
But spoke again with earnestness and zeal,  
Consulting, never his, but her own weal :

"Young Civitas, I've sought thee as a guest,  
For food for hope ; for cure for mind distressed ;  
But thou reject'st me, bidst me say farewell.  
Strange hospitality ! I'll not rebel,  
But go ; forgiving thee the courtesy  
That rules, no doubt, 'mongst those of thy degree.  
There's one thing I do know, and so wilt thou ;  
I'll speak, thou'lt hear,—thou needst not knit thy  
brow.

“The thing I know that time will teach to thee  
Is this—that, soon or late, thou’lt come to me  
And on thy suppliant knee my pardon pray  
For all thy wordy folly said this day.  
The world is old, has many lessons taught ;  
I’ll tell thee one, though wisdom be unsought :  
Start as thou wilt, the end will be the same,  
A monarch rules or anarchy’s thy shame.

“So history hath writ its lesson true  
Which thou must learn, or, shirking, sadly rue.  
Anarchia, e’en now, thy peace assails,  
O’er her dark schemes brute force alone prevails.  
Brute force in government has always meant  
One will for law to bend as it is bent.  
If then thou dreamst the world will change for thee,  
And that which has been will again not be,  
Dismiss thy dreams, to sober truth give heed ;  
The past’s rich lore is thine, if thou’lt but read.  
If fools their fancies madly still pursue  
And blinded be to that they know is true,  
The world will still roll on, the old, old way ;  
And pierced are dreams of night with day’s keen  
ray.

Young Civitas, I’ve told thee much that’s true ;  
Don’t thankless be, but thoughtful. Child, adieu.”

Young Civitas had risen to his feet,  
Impatient of her lessons obsolete ;

But when she closed, addressing him as "child,"  
At warmth of weak decrepitude he smiled.  
Response, if one he had, he ne'er essayed,  
And, save "Farewell," no further answer made.

Monarchia, exhausted, cordial craved,  
With nect'rous draughts her angry throat she laved;  
Then aided, to her litter slow repaired,  
Dejected o'er the way her mission fared.  
The height descending, straight from where he  
stood,

The litter's borne by strangers to the wood.  
With cautious feet they labor down the steep  
And measured step with difficulty keep;  
But from within a muffled crooning comes,  
Half chant, half song. Her menace thus she hums:

"Away, away, from this new land away.  
'Tis sunlight now, but night will cloud the day;  
The fields are green, but Autumn soon will sere;  
The summer's warm, but winter's cold and drear.  
Start as thou wilt, the end will be the same,  
A monarch rules or anarchy's thy shame.

"Away, away, from Civitas away,  
The young are strong, but age on strength will prey;  
The young will dream, but fancies fly with youth;  
Though faith feeds hope, it starves itself on truth.  
Start as thou wilt, the end will be the same,  
A monarch rules or anarchy's thy shame."



The pageant escort soon took up the strain  
And strong in chorus sang the same refrain ;  
And faint, and still more faint, the song  
Was wafted up the steep in cadence long :  
“ Start as thou wilt, the end will be the same,  
A monarch rules or anarchy’s thy shame.”

Young Civitas by naught he heard disturbed,  
But still, not easily, impatience curbed.  
His plight he knew and dreaded oft the worst.  
His rival States would their ambition’s thirst  
Quench in his blood, and in his death find scope  
For schemes of men of selfish aim and hope.  
The continent was his, its polity to make,  
Nor anarchs, monarchs, jealous States should shake  
His purpose firm a temple here to build  
To Freedom sacred and her glorious guild.  
His eyes serenely blue with thought aglow,  
A brow of matchless majesty below ;  
A mouth for feeling and for firmness formed ;  
A face with love of man, and kindness warmed ;  
A chest and stature in the might’est mould,  
His limbs and thews as tough as iron rolled ;  
Young Civitas could hear in high disdain,  
His mission knowing well, the faint refrain :  
“ Start as thou wilt, the end will be the same,  
A monarch rules or anarchy’s thy shame.”

And now again into his presence came  
Another friend, Democrates by name.  
A man of age uncertain he appeared,  
As turned by time was neither hair nor beard.  
His countenance was fresh as that of youth,  
Erect his form, but still (to tell the truth)  
About him there was that that spoke of years ;  
Of fortune's smiles, of fickle fortune's jeers ;  
Of ups and downs that furrow life with scars ;  
Of effort foiled which aspiration chars.  
His glance was wand'ring, penetrating, strong ;  
Saw everything by times but nothing long.  
His manner fev'rish seemed, unsettled, wild ;  
His bearing easy was, his aspect mild.  
Young Civitas he eyed from top to toe,  
As if he'd know his strength, as friend or foe ;  
As if the arts or arguments he'd find  
To win his sympathy or move his mind.  
E'en yet in doubt how wisest to proceed,  
He thus began his mother's cause to plead :  
    " 'Tis by my mother's will I come to thee,  
O Civitas, to urge most truthfully  
The claim she has on thy most choice regard,  
Whilst thou, from other friends and counsels, art  
    debarred.  
'Tis well that one, so wise and shrewd as she,  
Should faithful prove in thine extremity.

As Philosophia, far in the van,  
As cloud by day, as fire by night, still ran  
And led to war, through war to victory,  
So now in peace thy faithful guide she'd be.  
Just now in France she plots a wily scheme,  
And soon will fall to wreck the Old Regime ;  
Or else in person she would come most swift  
And all thy garnered truths of error sift ;  
Thy foes would crush, thy friends with courage  
thrill,

Make every State submissive to thy will.  
'Twas thus that I, her son, Democrates,  
Came in her stead ; and now (if thou dost please)  
I'll tell what she suggests for thy relief.  
If thou wilt audience give, I shall be brief."

By this time Civitas had come to think  
Advice was cheap ; from more he feign would  
shrink.

But then he knew it was intended well  
(But all advice is that, though born of hell),  
And knowing this, he scarcely dared refuse  
To hear the son demand his mother's dues.  
Democrates he gave then his request  
And thus in court'ous language him addressed :

" Democrates, thy mother well I've known,  
Her service nobly done, her good-will shown ;  
How like a star, a sun she shone, so bright,

Throughout oppression's long, long dreary night ;  
How, kindled by her hand a beacon burned  
Which heroes saw and meaner things all spurned  
To serve the truth alone, for its own sake,  
And strive for man a better world to make.  
As drops of dew, by nature kindly brewed,  
The thirsty leaves refresh with life renewed,  
E'en so advice from her to me would be  
As Heaven's voice reviving, cheering me.  
'Gainst me Anarchia her curse hath hurled ;  
Monarchia, her battle-flag unfurled ;  
Against their arts and arms henceforth I fight,  
Myself against the world : 'tis *right* 'gainst *might*.  
So wisdom more than man's I must obtain  
To match their power and make their schemings  
vain.

If then for Philosophia thou speak'st,  
Granted, of course, is the request thou seek'st."

Democrates seized on the doubt implied  
And made it prominent, and thus replied :  
"Dost thou then doubt my mother sent me here,  
Thy mind to counsel and thy courage cheer?  
Unworthy is that doubt, ungenerous youth,  
The soil that feeds suspicion poisons truth.  
Thus he, who's false himself, deception finds  
E'en in the frankest, most sincere of minds.  
I bring no letter to make good my claim

To speak in Philosophia's great name ;  
But truth I know, and truth's her countersign :  
If that I speak, then I am hers, she's mine.  
Thou wilt then this as my credentials take,  
And let my words thy doubts unfounded shake.

“ Thou art the people and the people thou ;  
The one the other is, each both. I trow  
That king was great, and surely wise as great,  
Who said in seeming pride, ‘ I am the state.’  
‘ Vox populi, vox Dei ’ then ordain  
As law supreme throughout thy whole domain.  
Infallible will all thy mandates be,  
And thou as people, they as thou, be free.”

Young Civitas, though somewhat dazed, replied :  
“ Democrates, thou seek'st to touch my pride.  
True, I and all my people are but one,—  
So much I grant, but granting this, I'm done.  
Dost thou not see that by thy way most clear  
I, Civitas, a despot's crown might wear ?  
Can freedom and infallibility  
Walk hand in hand in any polity ?  
What though the despot just should be and wise,  
He is a despot still ; and that implies  
The power most absolute to curse or bless,  
To murder, ravish, rob, without redress ;  
His will the law to veer as turns the sun,  
The rule to-day, to-morrow is undone.

The law, the wrong to crush, the right to nurse,  
Becomes itself a tool of wrong, a curse ;  
The state distresses by its wanton shifts,  
From worse to worse still urges, ne'er uplifts ;  
Till source of good becomes the spring of ill,  
The law, to shield 'gainst wrong, a despot's will."

Democrates was ready to rejoin,  
Was artful into words his thoughts to coin :

"In every state some will must be supreme,  
In thine, another's or thine own, I deem.  
If this be true, whom wilt thou ruler make ?  
Thyself, the people, or another take ?  
If law should change and with the sun should veer,  
'Tis he who changes it whom one should fear.  
Now of thyself thou canst not be in dread,  
Thou'lt do no wrong nor be by folly led.  
A despot thou mightst be, but over whom ?  
Whom couldst thou favors show, whom couldst thou  
doom ?

Thyself, none other. Speak I not the truth ?  
Thy reasoning is weak, thine argument uncouth.  
Thou'dst have me think thou didst thyself distrust,  
And thine own rights wouldst trample in the dust ;  
Thyself then rule and trust no other power ;  
Be thou thyself the law, each day, each hour,  
A despot be, and shrink not from the name—  
Tis feigning what you're not that makes the shame.

If just thou art, then to thyself 'twill be ;  
But if unjust, who can complain but thee ? ”

Young Civitas responded without pause,  
Not for one instant yielding freedom's cause :

“ Was't this thy mother sent thee here to tell ?  
Does she not know, dost thou not know full well,  
That purest hearts and ablest minds will err ?  
That int'rest, passion, selfishness will blur  
The sense of right and wrong in every man,  
Unfitting him his acts as judge to scan ?  
Established laws, fixed rules must be ordained,  
Or else in blood will rights refused be gained.  
What laws ? What rules ? Whence come they ?

Dost thou ask ?

If thou wilt tear from history the mask  
With which the pleaders have obscured her page,  
And follow, step by step, through age on age  
The bloody trail which freedmen's strifes have blazed,  
Thou'lt see the barriers securely raised  
'Gainst power's unhallow'd lust, and craft, and pride,  
And thus the laws, if good or bad, decide.  
How wiser can I or my people be  
Than those whose wisdom's led to liberty ?  
The strongholds won, I'll make my strongholds still,  
And moving on, my mission will fulfil.”

“ Young Civitas,” Democrates replied,  
“ I'm struck with thy humility and pride.

If I address the one, the other starts.  
A cur'ous whole is made from two such parts.  
But now, the past is all in all to thee ;  
Again, thou'dst work out thine own destiny.  
Submissive then, defiant now, and so,  
From this to that, I see thee quickly go.  
Know this one thing, thy bondage to the past  
Thou soon must break or it will hold thee fast,  
Muffle the steady beat of hope's strong throb,  
Thy longings chill, thy strifes of trophies rob,  
Thy losses count as millions 'gainst naught gained,  
And keep what may be to what has been chained.  
No stronghold's that, that is already won,  
No labor's worth thy thought that now is done.  
Forget the past, its foibles, crimes, and cheats ;  
Advance thou with forced marches, no retreats.  
Thus mayst thou thy great mission well complete,  
Thyself exalt and despots else defeat."

Young Civitas his answer thus essayed :  
" I've study of thy reas'ning fairly made.  
To me it shallow seems, weak, false, and vain.  
In triumphs of the past, is there no gain ?  
In all its garnered lore, no truth for me ?  
Its heroes' lives, all fruitless for the free ?  
No lessons teach, no inspirations breathe ?  
Democrates, I'm sure thy words beneath  
All notice, might with justice be set down,



Each smiling speech be answered with a frown ;  
But, for thy mother's sake, I've heard thee through ;  
A court'sy gained by what I fear's untrue.  
Be thou, of such a mother, son or not,  
Let this content thee,—out my life I'd blot,  
Become as nothing, dead to hope or shame,  
Before, as despot, I would empire claim.  
To freedom's cause I dedicate my life,  
The fruit of all its toil, and thought, and strife.  
To it, my people will allegiance swear,  
And to betray it, who will ever dare !”

“Young Civitas,” Democrates began :  
“I'm quite at loss to understand thy plan.  
A monarchy, I think thou wouldst not have ;  
An oligarchy thou couldst never crave ;  
And anarchy, I'm sure, thou canst but hate.  
What's then the mould in which thou'dst cast thy state ?  
A pure democracy is left to choose,  
And that thou'lt take. 'Tis ruin to refuse.  
Thou and thy people as one despot reign  
With will uncurbed by law or usage vain.  
Straight to the heart strike old tradition home,  
Take down the bars at will, at large to roam ;  
Find thou the truth ; let thine own wisdom be  
Thy sole, sure pledge of future liberty.  
Away with all thy maudlin, rambling rant  
'Bout triumphs past, and lore, and heroes—cant.

And now my message I have truly borne,  
Though doubted be its source, though heard with  
scorn.

Frown as thou wilt, rebel as best thou canst,  
Thy glory ne'er can be by dreams enhanced.  
If on some compromise thou buildst thy state,  
'Tis doomed before thou canst its founding date.

“My mother, *Philosophia*, doth say  
To form a government there's one wise way;  
To cut the ties that bind us to the past,  
The net, down in the soul's rich deeps, to cast  
For truths which are eternal, fadeless, sure,  
And build on them a state. It must endure.  
If on some compromise thou buildst thy state,  
'Tis doomed before thou canst its founding date.

“My mother, *Philosophia*, doth hold,  
All worthy governing is by the bold;  
By those who're strong, with inward strength sublime;  
Are self-reliant, fighting th' olden time;  
Who know themselves and fear not that that's known;  
Whose bread is truth, on which they've mighty grown;  
The past can be no rock, steadfast and firm;  
Old saws are sand that go before the storm.  
Frown as thou wilt, rebel as best thou canst,  
Thy glory ne'er can be by dreams enhanced.  
If on some compromise thou buildst thy state,  
'Tis doomed before thou canst its founding date.

I go, young Civitas, and now farewell ;  
My mission's done. I'll all my mother tell."

Young Civitas replied : "Then say to her,  
If thou canst free thy speech from thy thought's blur,  
That not on sands I build, weak fancies, dreams ;  
Thy boasted truth is not the truth it seems.  
'Tis not, I'm sure, imaginings of thine  
That stand as holy writ, inspired, divine.  
No ; truth's great volume would be drear as night  
If only one man's thought its page should light.  
The book is filled with all the ages' thought,  
As each to other speaking, truth has taught.  
So error's winnowed by the fan of time  
From all the garnered truths of every clime.  
'Tis thus the book is made whose lore I seek,  
And in its teaching plain the God doth speak.  
Here, then, I'd find my rock foundation laid,  
In truths abiding, not in dreams that fade ;  
On this I'd build my state, enduring, strong ;  
By freemen loved, by freemen kept from wrong.  
Experience I thus would make my friend  
My way to point, from pits and snares defend ;  
The past my passport to the future make,  
The good still holding till I better take.  
This then, Democrates, thy mother tell  
And me oblige. I echo thy farewell."

## PART SECOND.

### THE WOOING AND THE WOED.

As fresh as breath of morning's balmy breeze,  
When bursting buds with fragrance bow the trees,  
And dewdrops, breaking, pent-up treasures loose  
As perfume's self-distilling spicy juice ;  
As fair, as fresh as lily, full-faced moon  
Or sun full-risen, cloudless, at high noon ;  
As fresh, as fair, as lovely as e'er breathed,  
Libertas, robed in light, with glory wreathed,  
The daughter child of Heav'n, the wooed of earth  
In beauty peerless, peerless in her worth,  
The coming of young Civitas awaits.  
May Heav'n as one unite their sep'rate fates!

It is the crisis hour of weal or woe.  
Be still, ye winds. Ye oceans cease to flow.  
Let leaflet rustle not nor birdling sing,  
Nor tread of foot be heard nor whirr of wing.  
Thou, Nature, hush ; thy toilings ceaseless stay.  
Let all that think, in silence, fervent pray

That God in mercy will as one this twain  
Forever join for mankind's priceless gain.

Young Civitas temptations had withstood,  
Had conquered all, had seen his highest good.  
Beginning fair was made, and that was all.  
He feign would forward push, but heard no call.  
A duty was to do, but how? Or what?  
A voice within urged on but guided not.  
Inaction rusts, the unused powers must wane,  
But action in the dark is effort vain.  
It was not manly to be timid, slow;  
It was not wisdom blindly on to go.  
The wise and manly here then seemed to clash,  
The one makes cowardly; the other, rash.  
The one the doubter for his doubtings damns;  
The other prem'um puts on daring shams.  
If wisdom lose what folly might have gained,  
Then wisdom folly is, the real the feigned.

Young Civitas, with thoughts perplexed, distressed,  
For hope no footing found, from fears no rest.  
A mist his vision veils; the light is fled;  
His mind through mazes moves by musings led.  
The mist to cloud, the cloud to thick dark grows;  
The soul is prostrate 'neath its weight of woes.

Now in the gloom the weirdest phantoms dance

And gibber of despair and hopeless chance.  
 Anarchia returns with threat'ning leer,  
 Gloats on the scene, and, mocking, grins her jeer.  
 Monarchia, fantastic, hid'ous comes,  
 And in derision still her menace hums :  
 "Start as thou wilt, the end will be the same,  
 A monarch rules or anarchy's thy shame."  
 Democrates a demon despot scowls  
 And seems some goblin as he savage growls :  
 "If on some compromise thou buildst thy state,  
 'Tis doomed before thou canst its founding date."

\* \* \* \* \*

The darkness now is gone, and all is light ;  
 No phantoms fret the mind nor fears affright.  
 The light is voice become, itself as clear,  
 And speaks aloud its words of hopeful cheer.  
 Transfixed with awe, young Civitas stands still,  
 In rev'rence bows to hear the voice's will :  
 "O Civitas, thy land's Free Genius hear :  
 'Tis I who speak, 'tis I who bring thee cheer.  
 I touched the night, and, lo ! the dazzling day ;  
 The phantoms touched, and fled and dead are they.  
 I am the light thy doubting steps to guide ;  
 I am the voice thy foolish fears to chide.  
 A light, a voice am I, to shine and sing,  
 When Night spreads o'er the soul her brooding  
 wing

And hatches goblin fant'sies weird and wan  
To torture hope, with faithless fears unman.  
O look, O list, thine eye, thine ear I claim,  
Thy path I point, I sing thy way to fame.  
If thou but chase my light and heed my voice,  
Earth's mourning millions will in thee rejoice  
And hither trooping come, from near and far,  
Their night now past, in thee's their morning star.  
Look ! Look ! The vista's op'ning to thy view.  
See marching myriads, valiant men and true,  
Now shake the solid earth as on they come  
To find in Freedom's land the freeman's home.

“Where now's Anarchia's fierce curse so dire?  
Monarchia's dark menace, winged of ire?  
The awful doom Democrates foresaw,  
If in thy state thou'dst have no despot's law?  
This air we breathe the blood-red flag would shred,  
The anarch stifle e'er one hero bled.  
The monarch's might would be as shivered lance,  
If but this sun would on it dart one glance.  
These untracked woods, yon prairies' blooming  
waste,  
Those rivers that, unfettered, seaward haste,  
Though voiceless, yet do speak and loud proclaim :  
'No despot can us thrall, whate'er his name !'  
The air, the sun, the mountain, wood and vale  
Are God-made Freedom's friends and will not fail.

They'll foster, shield, exalt her evermore,  
Till men the spirit catch and her adore.  
This land itself shall be thy fortress called,  
By oceans moated and by mountains walled.  
Aye in its towers thy God is standing ward,  
Aye on its ramparts gleams his flaming sword.

“When mountain wrongs o’ertop each sacred  
right,  
Obstructing by their steeps the path to light ;  
When Virtue, hunted, in the valleys hides,  
And Merit, scorned, in vain her mockers chides :  
When rough and crooked is man’s whole bad way,  
Then thine ’twill be, in God’s own glorious day,  
The valleys to exalt, the mountains break,  
Rough places smooth, and crooked straight to  
make.

’Twas God’s own voice revealed his purpose plain,  
And that which he foretold he will maintain.  
This land the place, and thou the man must be,  
To pluck the fruitage fair of this decree.  
Then glow thy soul and burn with eager fire,  
Be languorless thy zeal and never tire  
Till every jot and tittle are made good,  
And prophecy is fact, truth understood.

“But thou, O Civitas, art but a man ;  
Mayst err, though faithful, fail to see God’s plan.  
If weakness tempt, or ignorance betray,



Thy heart to strengthen and thy purpose stay  
A stronger, wiser than thyself thou'lt need,  
Of pits to warn, in wisdom's ways to lead.  
Who stands alone, presumpt'ous tempts his fall.  
Who loves none else is to himself a thrall.  
From such a fall no hand to help is raised,  
On such a slave none e'er in pity gazed.  
He stands most sure who cleaves to wiser might,  
He is most free whom choice enslaves to right.  
That wiser might, that bondage of the free,  
I would, O Civitas, secure for thee.  
When heart beats warm accomp'niment to heart,  
And throbs of love their raptures pure impart,  
When mind to mind its thoughts inspiring sings,  
And life to life for worthy living clings,  
Then doubled is the power to do and dare,  
And burdens heavy grown are light as air.

“There's more than this, O Civitas, for thee,  
If thou wilt hearken well and heedful be.  
Immortal is thy task, a mortal thou.  
There must be linked the future to the now  
If thou wouldst not lay down undone thy work  
For others to take up, undo or shirk.  
As every effort need of effort breeds,  
And each day's duties spring from yester's seeds,  
No work is done but ever doing still,  
As seas to clouds, and clouds to seas distill.

Immortal as thy task I'd have thee be ;  
Akin to gods, from power of death set free.  
Thy hand in vig'rous toil should never tire,  
Thy mind by thought should brighter thought in-  
spire.

As nature's forces I thy powers would make  
To toil eternally, no respite take ;  
And thus would I increase their constant sum  
Till rest has labor, labor rest become.  
And this, as marvellous as e'er could be  
Is thine, an earthly immortality.

“ Then haste thee, Civitas, the hour's at hand  
To bless thyself, to bless thy noble land.  
On yonder height the favor'd Child of Heav'n  
Awaits thy will, to give far more than's giv'n.  
What love is hers ! It kindles faith sublime  
In heroes' hearts of every age and clime ;  
A zeal inflames which melts the strongest chains,  
Inspires a courage despots' crimes restrains ;  
Spreads o'er the earth and lifts up the oppressed,  
The tyrant smites, brings low his haughty crest.  
That faith, that zeal, that courage, love divine,  
Thou canst possess them all and make them thine.  
In her's that wiser might, that bondage free,  
I would, O Civitas, secure for thee.  
Her heart to thine accomp'niment will beat,  
Her soul thy soul will make far more complete ;

Her thought thy thought will raise to higher plane,  
Her life thy life from error will restrain.  
She'll double thrice thy power to do and dare,  
And burdens, heavy now, make light as air.  
She'll be e'en more, O Civitas, to thee,  
If thou wilt hearken well and heedful be.  
Immortal is thy task, mere mortal thou.  
She'll firmly link thy future to the now,  
That thou mayst not lay down undone thy work  
For others to take up, undo or shirk.  
Then, though each effort need of effort breeds,  
And duties done, of those to do, be seeds ;  
Though work's ne'er done, but ever doing still,  
As clouds to seas and seas to clouds distill ;  
Immortal as thy task will she make thee,  
A god thyself, from power of death set free.  
She'll nerve thy hand with strength that cannot tire,  
Inflame thy zeal with thought's eternal fire ;  
As nature's forces, all thy power she'll make  
To toil unceasing and no respite take.  
And thus she will increase their constant sum  
Till rest has labor, labor rest become.  
Thus will Libertas, angel, goddess free,  
Give thee thine earthly immortality."

Now all was hush, a silence deep, profound ;  
And awe held fast the soul to stillness bound.

The voice was gone, no murmur stirred the air,  
Nor speech, nor sound, nor breath of sigh was  
there.

Search now thy heart, young Civitas, search well.  
The calm's for thee ; seek not to break the spell  
Till thou dost know thyself all through and through,  
If thou canst worthy grow to be and do  
All thou hast heard from lips unseen by thee  
Of faith and hope and marv'llous destiny.  
To prayer, to prayer, O Civitas, to prayer.  
Down on thy knees, invoke kind Heaven's care.

Now in his eyes celestial rad'ance glows,  
And high resolve his every feature shows.  
The doubter, by his doubting tried no more,  
Sees duty's path and opened wide the door.  
The voice within, as ever urging seems,  
But now a star to guide before him gleams.  
Libertas waits, to her he'd speedy go,  
Reveal his wish and try her will to know.

When heart of buoyant youth first feels the thrill  
Of love's warm touch, and would its beatings still  
Lest each new pulse might give to rapture wing,  
And yet, would quicker throb new bliss to bring,  
How wild the passion is ; how wayward, strong ;  
How swift it drives him whom it rules along.

Hither and yon, but ever on to this :  
An angel's plighted faith, embrace and kiss.

The fever's o'er and life's begun anew ;  
The angel's woman now, perhaps a shrew.  
If shrew, God help the miserable wight  
Whose mission is to work and cringe and fight.  
If woman, then what more could e'er be sought ?  
Of Heav'n's best love she is the human thought.  
With her the truth is of herself a part ;  
She sees, she knows, her teacher is her heart.  
She sees, she knows unerringly to guide,  
How weak each folly is, how strong is pride,  
How life is worthless made and blessed how,  
And how 'tis always wise to God to bow.

She smiles on toil and makes it pleasure seem,  
Advers'ty smites and from it blessings stream.  
Through darkest night her virtue constant shines,  
In prosp'rous day each triumph she refines.  
She spurs to work but asks not the reward ;  
She seeks not fame but stands its jealous guard.  
The hardest steeps are by her touch brought low,  
The drear'est paths are made with flowers to blow.  
When gladness gilds the life, or sorrows try,  
Her heart's in unison, to sing or sigh.

Of life the ornament, the glist'ning gem,  
The radiant crown, the jewelled diadem ;  
A star to shine through thick disaster's clouds,

A song to cheer when grief the soul enshrouds ;  
A living spring in this world's desert sands,  
In life's woe-woven woof the golden strands ;  
A rose in dreary wastes, a light in gloom,  
The first in joy, the last to leave the tomb :  
A woman is to man of gifts the best,  
Forever blessing and but rarely blest.

What woman is, Libertas is, and more,  
In beauty, wisdom, grace and heart-taught lore.  
Her charms must all with fadeless lustre shine,  
A child of Heav'n, her virtue is divine ;  
A rose to smile with a perpetual bloom,  
A star to beam eternal through the gloom ;  
A spring perennial, exhaustless, pure,  
A song whose rapturous thrills must aye endure.

Where art thou, Civitas ? Where is thy haste ?  
Ere now the thickest woods thou shouldst have  
traced,

The widest floods o'erleaped, the mountains scaled,  
And at Libertas' feet in prayer prevailed.  
Thou'rt young and strong and lithe, O run ! Leap !  
Fly !

A goddess waits, O sluggard. Haste ! Draw nigh !  
From baser passions break thou now away,  
Thy heart with high resolve, fixed purpose stay.  
Let weakness tempt thee not, nor pride rebel,  
Libertas speaks, mark thou her sayings well.

“O Civitas,” Libertas said, “O friend,”  
How long the ages seem, how slow they tend  
To full accomplishment of God’s high will.  
My heart but now is warm, now cold and chill,  
As to and fro the pendulum has swung  
And on the time-piece of the nations rung  
Their rise and fall, their glory and decay;  
Just as they serve the right or right betray.  
How oft in homage have they bowed to me  
And solemn sworn unswerving loyalty—  
How then they rose and grew in constant might,  
Spread wide their fame, diffused sweet freedom’s  
light—  
How then, to power grown, their pride they served  
And from my just allegiance faithless swerved.  
How then they fell, still lower, lower down,  
Till all that’s worthy gone, they’re ’neath my frown.  
But, oh! what leaps were those from hope to woe!  
How high the aims once seemed, the end how low!  
—All this has burned its lesson in my heart,  
And of my inmost self become a part.  
—And thou, O Civitas, shouldst not forget  
That thou but starting art, the end’s not yet;  
That high resolves must mighty tests withstand  
And prove their moorings rock—not shifting sand;  
That, if thou wouldst each day in worth progress,  
Thou must thy lower longings all repress

And keep thy mind firm fixed on highest ends ;  
As lofty thought to acts ennobling tends.  
To-morrow and to-morrow, day on day,  
And month on month, and year on year, always  
The fight for higher, better life goes on,  
Is never finished, ever is begun.  
The swiftest runner, when the signal's giv'n,  
Has oft in vain 'gainst steadier coursers striv'n.  
He who on self most steady holds the rein,  
By races won will strength to win still gain.  
Let each day's strife its victory record,  
And pledge the next to better far reward.  
Thy striving soul should know no rest nor halt,  
But still, by striving, still its powers exalt.  
Would, Civitas, that I could nerve thy soul  
With courage meet for this majestic role ;  
With longings, aspirations rouse thy mind  
To wage, with all thine energies combined,  
'Gainst venom'd vice that stings the growing state,  
Eternal war, relentless as fixed fate,  
Till virtue, crowned, benignant sceptre sways,  
And people, nobler taught, shall live her praise.

“ Now canst thou rise with heroism sublime  
And wrongs rebuke, so stalwart grown with time ?  
Oppressors shame ? To manhood lift th' oppressed ?  
And prove of good things freedom is the best ?  
I'd have thee think, ere thou dost answer make,



And on thy life this heavy burden take.  
The thoughtless dream a clutch will win the prize,  
But constant work is all the work that's wise.  
The weak may seek, the strong compel success ;  
The foolish flinch, the wise still onward press ;  
The timid cower, the brave see naught to fear ;  
The faithless fail, the faithful persevere."

In all she said young Civitas but heard  
His heart's controlling thought echoed in word.  
The path, he knew, was long and hard and steep ;  
That vigilance alone his feet could keep  
From wandering into devious, doubtful ways  
Where rashness tempts and thoughtlessness betrays ;  
That courage needful was no fitful spark  
To flash and die, and leave the dark more dark ;  
But steady as the constant sun should burn,  
Persistent, forward urging, patient, stern.  
The nerveless hand the half-drawn sword will drop,  
The craven soul, ere it begins, will stop ;  
But Civitas was nerved with manhood's might,  
His soul was fired with love of truth and right.  
'Twas naught to him that others, faithless, failed ;  
That cowards in the battle's brunt had quailed ;  
That dreamers clutched and then let go the prize ;  
That fools had flinched when pressing on was wise ;  
All this he knew nor needed to be told,

And so his answer made in spirit bold :

“O daughter child of Heav’n, I’ve come to thee  
To tell thee of my hopes in modesty.  
Well, well I know how arduous is the post  
To hold to right ’gainst wrong’s embattled host ;  
How easier it would be its cause to yield,  
And changing camps, myself from peril shield ;  
How easier ’tis to swim the current down  
Than stem the flood, though up the stream’s a crown.  
But thou, *Libertas*, canst not know my heart,  
If thou couldst think I’d play no nobler part.  
I’d in the conflict be all thou couldst ask,  
Encounter any peril, shirk no task :  
To-morrow as to-day I’d faithful prove,  
To-morrow as to-day deserve thy love.  
For though I’ve known thee not, in dreams I’ve seen,  
Through all my striving way, thy virtue’s sheen,  
Which, when the battle raged or loss annoyed,  
Has in my vision shone and doubt destroyed.  
Led on by thee I wear the victor’s crown,  
And at thy feet now lay the trophies down.  
In thee my dreams are solid substance shown,  
And visions are to real fruition grown.  
No more by doubtful fancies, timid led,  
The mazes of mine onward course I’ll thread,  
But strong in thee, and guided by thy hand,  
Secure I’ll rise and soon most proudly stand

On heights of life no mortal ever saw,  
Where thou beloved shalt rule, and be the law.  
To thee I consecrate my life, my all ;  
Thy simplest wish I'll hear as duty's call,  
Commands of thine as God's own voice obey,  
Thy secret thought divined shall map my way.  
And thus my ways with thine I'll make agree,  
Until my perfect love wins love of thee.  
Though others faithless proved and spurned thy care,  
Thou shouldst not me distrust, nor once compare  
With weaklings whose sole business seemed to be  
To buy repose by selling liberty.  
I've hither come, Libertas, thee to wed,  
Though coldly's told my love in what I've said."

Libertas, not repelling, kindly said :  
"Fond Civitas, thou'st hither come to wed ?  
How much thou ask'st thou canst not surely know ;  
There's luring hope, there's also lowering woe.  
Love such as thine an answering love should own  
In any woman's heart not cold as stone.  
But though a woman, I am goddess still,  
And thus may lose by yielding to thy will.  
As goddess, I can never fade or die,  
Become an heir of poor mortality,  
Unless, by wedding thee, myself I bring  
To taste its mis'ry and to feel its sting.  
This I may do but never can undo.

If thou, a mortal, prov'st to me untrue,  
Though goddess pure in my own right and name,  
I'll drink the cup of mortal pain and shame ;  
But, if thou shouldst in all things faithful prove,  
And never once betray thy plighted love,  
Then thou, through me, immortal powers wouldst  
gain,

Become a god, and as immortal reign.

“ Such is the fearful hazard I must take,  
If I, my goddess life, should now forsake  
And hear thy plea in wedlock thus to bind  
Immortal to the mortal. O how blind,  
How blind's the way, how dark the future seems.  
Yet o'er the path my hope its radiance streams,  
And bids me trust, trust thee, O mortal man,  
And let pure love the gulf betwixt us span.

“ But doubt again rolls in and films the sight ;  
A shadow dims the view but now so bright,  
And warns me to beware the frightful leap  
From empyrean down the dismal steep  
To where tempestuous troubles ceaseless roll  
Their waves of trial 'cross the sin-soiled soul.  
And what to do or where to turn, I'm lost,—  
So vexed's my heart by warring promptings tossed.  
But now immortal,—now a prey to death ;  
A lasting life become a fleeting breath.  
But now a goddess,—now my glory fled :

A shining star's an ember dying,—dead.

“ If I should lose the virtue of my birth,  
Thy government would perish from the earth,  
And thou and I, forever outcasts driv'n,  
Would sink to woe's worst depths, condemn'd of  
Heav'n.

And freedom's sun would henceforth never burn  
To light a world whose hope would ne'er return.  
For this, O Civitas, I say to thee,  
In thee's the world's last hope of liberty.  
'Tis this that draws me trustful to thy side,  
And tells me my misgivings are but pride;  
A pride that holds my goddess heart above  
The homage of a noble mortal's love;  
That says the world's last hope must be its best,  
And thou its pledge must be in labor blest.  
Were this not so, then God reigns not above  
Or makes a tyrant's rod the symbol of his love.  
Now if thou canst the vows ordained assume,  
And in thine answers leave for doubt no room,  
Then thou, through me, immortal powers wilt gain,  
Become a god and as immortal reign.”

Fond Civitas began to see the truth;  
To learn the boon of a perpetual youth  
Was not by winning held by him secure,  
Unless as virtue's self his life were pure.

He saw to scale, was not to hold the height ;  
The victory began, not closed the fight ;  
The touching of the goal renewed the race ;  
The quarry captured but revived the chase.  
The immortality he sought, when won,  
Fresh signalled war on death for life begun.  
And was it this his land's Free Genius meant  
When on this eager mission him she sent ?  
To lure to winning what, if won, would raise ;  
If lost, would damn to deep despair always ?  
A life immortal he would feign obtain,  
To feel no more temptation's power to pain ;  
The issue of the strife no more to dread  
'Gainst passion's promptings by ambition led ;  
When every contest would sure vict'ry bring ;  
No fears to fret, nor doubts endeavor sting.  
But such a life Libertas could not give ;  
Could only rob herself of power to live.  
If e'er his weakness should to folly bend,  
Or lapse of virtue should but once offend,  
That instant, snapped are all the golden threads  
That weave a life a fadeless rad'ance sheds.  
To win's to lose, to gain's to sacrifice ;  
The god she makes is but a god that dies ;  
If god that dies, when error him o'ertakes,  
The higher life the anguish keener makes.  
O Civitas, the devil's at thy heart.

Where now's thy prating 'bout the nobler part?  
Where is that nerve but now would all things dare,  
If loved *Libertas* would but hear thy prayer?  
For death assured she'd give immortal life,  
And thou, poor fool, dost shrink from needful strife  
Thyself to keep as pure in spotless worth  
As she who loves thee, though of heav'nly birth.  
Then quickly now the vows ordained assume  
And in thine answer leave for doubt no room.

Now strong again, misgivings gone, he said:  
"Thou woman and yet more, who would thee wed,  
As pure as heav'n itself should stainless be  
In life, in purpose, loyal piety.  
What mortal could in worth so hope to rise  
To read deserved plaudits in thine eyes?  
What hero's heart could e'er with fervor glow  
T' attain the virtue only thou canst know?  
A mortal hero though I am at best,  
I'm sure I'll equal prove to every test.  
The moon's cold light may melt the granite rock,  
The mightiest mountains gentlest winds may shock,  
The solid earth may from its sphere be hurled,  
And planet clash on planet, world on world,  
The universe itself to wreck may run,  
And heav'n, by raging passions, be undone;  
Yet faithful at thy side I'll ever stand,

My heart in thine abiding, hand in hand.  
Then let me now the vows ordained assume,  
I'll in my answers leave for doubt no room."

"Then first of all," Libertas said, "thou'lt swear  
My life thou'lt guard with ever jealous care ;  
Which means that thou thyself wilt pure remain,  
As free from thought of wrong, as free from stain,  
As though an angel thou hadst ever been,  
Unfallen and untempted, strange to sin."

"By thy chaste life," the hero said, "I swear  
Thy life I'll guard with ever jealous care  
And will myself forever pure remain,  
Both free from thought of wrong, and free from  
stain ;

And though an angel I have never been,  
If tempted, I'll not fall, but vanquish sin."

"Thou'lt swear that laws of mine thou'lt e'er  
maintain,  
As they're my life and pledge of right to reign ;  
And equal, just, impartial must they be  
On people binding, binding too on thee."

"I swear thy laws I ever will maintain,  
As thy life guard thy pledge of right to reign ;  
And equal, just, impartial, may they be  
On people binding, binding too on me."

"Thou'lt swear my life, my laws thou'lt ever deem  
'Bove riches, honors, power, 'bove all supreme ;



Of strength the source, of permanence the proof,  
Thou'lt keep thy mind from lower thoughts aloof."

"I swear thy life, thy laws I'll ever deem  
'Bove riches, honors, power, 'bove all supreme :  
As source of strength, of permanence as proof,  
From meaner things I'll keep my thoughts aloof."

"When thou thy budding promise seest in flower ;  
When I thy weakness culture into power ;  
When o'er the earth thy fame refulgent shines,  
And as it spreads oppression's power declines ;  
When thou to nations bound a beacon art,  
And they, toward freedom, by thee signalled, start,  
Then thou wilt not in wanton pride pretend  
That thou my wise laws canst at will offend,  
And shield thyself from vengeance swift and strong  
By tyrant's plea that thou canst do no wrong.  
Infallibility thou wilt not dare  
Ever to claim as thine,—dost thou so swear ?"

"By all my love for thee I faithful swear ;  
To make the tyrant's plea I will not dare  
To shield myself if 'gainst thy laws I 'fend ;  
Nor e'er infallibility pretend."

"When all thy plans to swift completion run,  
And thou but scarcely wishest till 'tis done ;  
When thy suggestions quickly fruitage bring,  
And things thou hops't for from the hoping spring ;  
When thou but dreamst of greatness to be 'tained,

And waking, findest it is already gained ;  
When from the thought of good the blessings flow,  
And thou dost better build than thou dost know ;  
Thou wilt not then thine ignorance enthrone  
And of these wonders it the author own ;  
But to my wisdom, foresight, constant care,  
Thou'lt give the glory all,—dost thou so swear ? ”

“ When these things are in whole or part, I swear  
The glory's thine ; thine wisdom, thought, and care.”

“ When riches flood in on thee, tide on tide,  
And wealth is bursting from each mountain side ;  
When earth to thee her golden harvests yields,  
And gluts thy marts from countless fertile fields ;  
When on thy thousand hills thy cattle feed,—  
Themselves enough to sate thy coffers' greed ;  
When brain of man all nature's forces bends,  
And wit to av'rice streams of tribute sends ;  
When mind and matter, thought and toil ally  
Thy pride to pamper and thy wealth supply ;  
Then to this idol thou wilt not bow low,  
And pay the homage thou to me dost owe ;  
Nor in thy thoughts this boon as rival bear  
To me, thy life's best wealth,—dost thou so swear ? ”

“ That to that idol I will not bow low,  
And pay the homage I to thee e'er owe ;  
Nor in my thoughts that boon as rival bear  
To thee, my life's best wealth, I solemn swear.”

“The vows thou’st singly sworn in sum repeat,  
And thus the plighting will be made complete.  
As first in love, I’ll first in honor stand,  
The pride, the hope, the glory of thy land ;  
The weak to shield, the strong to justice hold,  
The timid nerve, their bounds prescribe the bold,  
Till strong and weak and bold and timid learn  
To serve the one the other, all in turn.  
And next to me, but equal, law shall be,  
The standing proof of my supremacy,  
To execute alike on small and great  
My perfect will, and so preserve thy state  
When tyrant’s craft thy rising power assails,  
Or mob’s disastrous rage its woes entails.  
As I in law, so law in me shall prove  
That state is governed best whose law is love.  
As lawless love to lawless power may grow,  
And richest blessing bring the direst woe,  
So law of love must sanctions sure ordain,  
Or else who could his sovereignty maintain.  
But law and love together thou wilt bind,  
As one in aim, twin blessings to mankind.  
O then how sweet will swell the harmony  
From law attuned to love of liberty.  
The melody sublime will touch thy soul,  
Inspire thine aims, thy passions all control,  
Till lust of power thou’lt surely learn to hate ;

Till ignorance as wisdom thou'lt ne'er rate ;  
Till avarice, the meanest monster bred,—  
Ere it is living, thou wilt smite it dead.  
Through weal and woe, through prospects dark and  
fair,

All this thou'lt be and do ;—dost thou so swear ? ”

“ By thy chaste life, as pure as heav'nly light,  
By thy just soul that cannot think but right,  
By all thy virtue and thy justice too,  
Twin guardians of the loyal and the true,  
By thy free spirit, freedom's vital breath,  
By thy clear wisdom, blind pride's cure or death,  
By thy nobility of mind that loathes  
Mean avarice ; by all these binding oaths,  
Through weal and woe, through prospects dark and  
fair,

These vows to keep, with my whole heart I swear.”

“ Fond Civitas, I've heard each faithful vow,  
And with my virtues now I thee endow.  
I'll lead thee to the spring's perennial flow  
Whose draughts are truth, and wisdom's life bestow.  
I'll wreath thy brow with valor's deathless flowers,  
Bedew thy soul with love's refreshing showers ;  
Thy thoughts will lift to heights ne'er dreamed by  
hope,

Till thou canst see of God's design the scope ;  
Thy courage teach to break the tyrant's might,

Thy wit inspire to thwart the anarch's spite ;  
I'll see thee great as only they are great  
Who make their plans on truth and justice wait.  
To sum it all, since thou art truly mine,  
An earthly immortality is thine.  
So long as Time his steady march doth keep,  
And years do into endless ages creep,  
So long as oceans roll and rivers run,  
And earth in vassalage attends the sun ;  
So long, fond Civitas, thy power shall stand—  
So long shall freedom light thy noble land."

"If I am thine, Libertas, thou art mine  
To love, to serve, in holiest thought enshrine.  
Where thou dost lead, obed'ent I'll pursue,  
At every step thy wish my way shall clew.  
Thy gentlest whisper, as the trumpet's blare,  
Shall rouse mine energies the world to dare,  
And steel mine arm shall be, my courage flame,  
To smite and burn who dares assail thy fame.  
And thee by day, by night, awake, asleep,  
In thoughts, in dreams, life of my life I'll keep.

"My land a temple towers, a sacred shrine,  
Where freemen vows shall pay to thee divine.  
On its proud peaks thine altars' fires will burn ;  
Its vocal woods to chant thy praise will learn ;  
Its lamps the stars, its dome the firmament,

Its walls the ramparts of a continent ;  
Its pillars mountains, harbors wide its gates,  
The worshippers the free, its priests the States.  
If I had more to give 'twere freely thine.  
The wealth of seas, the treasures of the mine ;  
The prairies' riches and the forests' spoil,  
The goods that come at beck of honest toil ;  
The prizes won when matter's braved by thought,  
The useful boons by hands of cunning wrought ;  
All that I have or is in promise stored,  
All that I've gained or shall my hopes reward,  
All this, *Libertas*, now is thine, to be  
Convincing proof of my fidelity."

"Fond *Civitas*, we twain henceforth are one,  
What now is done can never be undone.  
Together we forever fall or stand  
With heart to heart still clinging, hand to hand.  
The path before us lies aglow with light,  
As on it stretches, ever growing bright.  
Then, hand in hand, we'll walk the shining steep,  
Our touching hearts will beat the step to keep."

## PART THIRD.

### THE BROKEN VOW.

THE vows impet'ous love in ardor makes,  
Consid'rate selfishness at leisure breaks.  
To win a heart an oath is freely sworn,  
To earn a dime that oath's to tatters torn.  
How weary days and sleepless nights are spent  
To make unwilling woman weak relent  
And trust you, man, to fill her cup of joy.  
Protesting, vowing, swearing's your employ.  
The promises you feign, the lies you tell  
Would shock a saint who'd never felt the spell ;  
But at such times the saint as sinner schemes,  
And rarely wings his words with what he means.

Since time began the cheat has been in vogue,  
But still is new with every wooing rogue.  
The wooed well knows the fraud, but knowing still  
She's won ; so reckless, love ; so weak is will.  
So he deceiving is himself deceived  
And fools himself, believing he's believed.  
She feigns distrust to hear him vow again ;

He vows again to hear her pleased "Amen."  
And so's kept up the int'rest of the game  
Until the parson's gone, when all is tame.

These loving wars or strifes of love are done :  
Computing of the gains is now begun,  
And he swells 'round as victor in the strife,  
While she drops down from sweetheart to a wife.  
The comedy in tragedy thus ends  
When she as slave to serve her lord attends ;  
And all the wooing comes, at last, to this—  
To dub two one, when irony cries "bliss."

The curtain falls and perfect stillness reigns,  
Of what goes on behind, to tell none deigns.  
The skeleton's sly rattle may alarm,  
But surely playful bones can do no harm.  
The secret's kept, because to tell the truth  
Would unmask age and take the zest from youth ;  
Would unmask age by showing its deceit,  
Would take the zest from youth unmasking cheat ;  
For surely this is plain as plain can be,  
The fraud's no more a fraud which all can see.  
The zest is gone when everybody knows  
Just what you know, and all the fraud expose.  
'Tis better, then, to hush and think and sigh,  
To flatter age, and youth with zest supply,  
Than rash expose to view each secret spring  
Which, touched, may joy, may also mis'ry, bring.



If vows be broke, 'tis sad ; but what's the cure ?  
The woman powerless is, and must demure  
Sit still, say nothing, or society  
Will sharp condemn the impropriety  
Of making public talk of private grief.  
To bear in patience is her grim relief.  
She speaks, she's done ; the outraged world's in  
arms,

Is deaf to all her cries, blind to her charms.  
The pillory's the press, she's in the stocks,  
And who should sympathize looks on and mocks.

Then patience cultivate, the vows forget,  
And with your smiles conceal your vain regret ;  
For in this way the real may pleasure seem,  
When you're convinced your love was but a dream.

As firm as Civitas had stoutly vowed,  
Temptation meeting, he as weakly bowed.  
Before one century his life had spanned,  
Shrewd flatterers his vanity had fanned  
Until it burned a furnace, raging hot  
Within his soul, consuming every jot  
Of aspiration after nobler things  
Than wealth, whose seeming strength with poison  
stings.

Stones make not bread, though tempters say they  
may ;

The food that strengthens not, but feeds decay.  
When wealth's an end and not the means employed,  
And all endeavor's with its dross alloyed ;  
When nations build their strength on it alone,  
And boast their greatness in the heaps they own ;  
When offices are bought and laws are sold,  
And public virtue has its price in gold ;  
When freemen in the market hirelings stand  
And, dogs of slaves, lick foul corruption's hand ;  
When churches point their gilded spires to heav'n,  
And in the pulpit praise to Mammon's giv'n ;  
When schools and universities abound,  
And learning's self is worthless not wealth-  
crowned ;  
When knaves to power on golden ladders mount,  
And all of worth is in the bank account ;  
When all of life to live is gain to get,  
And honors only come at riches' let ;  
Then, though mankind looked on in awed surprise,  
Saw States from prairies, towns from marshes rise,  
Which, in scarce one short generation's span  
In opulence old empires far outran,  
And forced the world to shout in loud acclaim  
The glory of a new-born nation's fame ;  
Though all the wealth of all the Indias piled  
Upon that land by lust for gold beguiled ;  
Though every hut a palace should become,

And millions daily should enrich each home ;  
Though want an exile from the country flies,  
And idleness each luxury supplies ;  
Though art, philosophy and learning light,  
In splendid rivalry, this manhood's night ;  
Though all this be and infinitely more—  
The continent turned gold from shore to shore ;  
If public virtue wanes as waxes wealth,  
And avarice all manhood takes by stealth :  
Then damned's that land to doom of endless shame  
When *manhood's*, dead and *dollars rulers name*.  
When Freedom breathes Corruption's sick'ning  
    breath,  
The nation's writhing in the throes of death.  
O then's the time for heroes to arise,  
With souls that shun, with hearts that dare despise  
The placeman's glories with'ring as they're clutched,  
And meet the foe, as with God's spirit touched,  
And smite and smite and smite till brib'ry's dead  
And men are men again to freedom bred.  
This is the crisis that will try the state  
If it deserves to live, or, mocked by fate,  
Should perish, and a hissing by-word be  
Where men are men and government is free.

Ignobly Civitas the crisis met,  
And showed how easily he could forget  
The duties he'd assumed, the oaths he'd sworn,

If for his treason wealth to him was borne.  
A bite of fruit does gates of Eden close,  
Drives man from God and brings us all our woes ;  
A birthright's for a mess of pottage lost,  
A bellyful a lasting good has cost ;  
To seize the seen men always headlong push,  
A bird in hand's worth many in the bush.  
In fact or theory it is rarely true,  
The bird in hand is worth the bush's two.  
If this were so, the fools who eat the seed  
And lose the crop, live by a wiser creed  
Than those who sow and harvests duly reap,  
And wisely thus themselves in plenty keep.  
Thus ever prudence puts a check on greed,  
Provides by present use 'gainst future need.  
While folly feasts to-day, to-morrow begs,  
And misused plenty breeds starvation's plagues.

To learn these truths false Civitas refused,  
For promised gain Libertas' trust abused.  
He still feigned love. Than this what could be  
worse—

A lifeless love still stocks a present curse :  
A ghost to haunt what was a sunny road ;  
A stagnant pool, whence once sweet waters flowed ;  
A withered rose to scatter leaves around ;  
A climbing vine, mere rubbish on the ground ;  
And in her heart of hearts Libertas mourned

The day false Civitas had from her turned  
To follow low designs and transient aims,  
Which both his solemn vows and her just claims  
Had strong condemned ere they as one were  
    bound ;  
And for her wrongs these were the words she found :

“ O Civitas, have I been false in aught ?  
Have I thee wronged in any act or thought ?  
Who bound thy States in one harmonious whole  
To own thy laws, submit to thy control ?  
Who made them all their jealous bick’rings cease,  
And choose the path of glory and of peace ?  
Though from the first thou didst thy reas’ning ply  
To prove that union would great wealth supply ;  
Still ‘ Liberty ’ the watchword was that thrilled  
All freemen’s hearts and jealous strivings stilled ;  
Still, Liberty, by wooing love, allured  
From clashing aims to unity assured.  
‘ The nations, which before thine own have gone,  
Have ris’n to power and then have been undone ;  
Have sought, each in its separate bad way,  
To spurn my care and still escape decay ;  
But death o’er all his hopeless sceptre waves  
And boasts his triumphs as he tells their graves.  
There, lust of conquest brought an empire low ;  
There, art free cities damned with love of show ;

There, fair philosophy led captive thought,  
And governments were tried by fancy wrought ;  
There, superstition laid its clutch on mind  
And kingdoms stretched their lengths for priests to  
bind ;

Whate'er the passion held 'bove freedom first,  
It has with ruin people serving cursed.

“Thou, too, art tempted on thy passion's side,  
And showst thy weakness when thy strength is  
tried.

Thy ruling passion is thy greed for gain,  
Thy sole ambition, riches to obtain.  
Thy land's material growth absorbs thy thought,  
And thus is avarice to empire brought ;  
A tyrant monster ruling in thy breast,  
A despot passion mast'ring all the rest.  
If other states, each to its passion prey,  
From power to weakness rushed the downward  
way,

So too must thou, to avarice a slave,  
Find greed's reward—an early, hated grave.  
Who serves but wealth must faithless be to me ;  
Who's false to me must die by fixed decree.”

False Civitas, impatient of control,  
And feeling strong to play the quibbler's role,  
Began to argue 'gainst Libertas' fear,

That wealth ne'er sorrow brought, but comfort,  
cheer :

“ *Libertas* fair, thy chiding is unjust ;  
I've never yet in aught betrayed thy trust.  
My love has always warm and constant burned  
As when my heart, for strength, to thee first  
turned.

I own I've wealth pursued with earnest zeal,  
For it, not like thy dreams, is something real.  
Who pass the substance by and shadows chase,  
Reject real good some fancy to embrace ;  
Prefer the ideal to the form that's seen ;  
Refuse the gem and try to hold its sheen ;  
Are of all men most hapless in their lot,  
And die still seeking what is naught if got.  
Fine sentiment mayhap amusement give,  
But he would starve who on that tried to live.  
This is a business world, which clearly means  
That he lives best who bread from dreamings  
gleans ;

Is always practical in aims and ways,  
And judges each thing's worth by what it pays—  
By what it pays in property, of course,  
As of real worth there is no other source.  
I thought not so, ere I had learned the world ;  
When I by youthful dreams along was whirled,  
I sought now this, now that, I knew not what,

Some fancied good by fancy's cunning wrought.  
These vain imaginings I now eschew,  
And reap substantial gain from all I do.  
He who goes moping fertile fields around,  
Of virtue prates when he should till the ground ;  
Or rails at vice when he should watch the fold ;  
Or praises God when he should dig for gold ;  
Or goes to church when he should run his mill ;  
Or preaches temp'rance by an idle still,  
May grow in grace, his fat'ning soul expand,  
Be known for virtue throughout all the land ;  
But useless still, impractical and vain,  
His life for loss must count and not for gain.  
I'll not have here an idler's paradise,  
Where useless drones from labor steal its price ;  
But freedom give to those who earnest strive  
By their own thrift to make the country thrive ;  
And they shall eat in plenty who food earn,  
And they shall starve, mid plenty, who work  
spurn.  
Nor in all this can harm be done to thee,  
Unless abundance wars with liberty.  
The rich can scarcely pass the pearly gates,  
But no such gospel bars the growth of states.  
Is liberty a boon ? Then, if so, why ?  
To teach poor mortals how in hope to die ?  
Or how by faith immortal life is won ?



Or how the just man's path shines as the sun,  
And brighter grows until the perfect day ?  
To teach the strong to thank, the weak to pray ?  
And all, the wisdom of the pious road  
Which leads through self-denial up to God ?  
Not so, *Libertas* ; we're not here for this ;  
We seek not heav'nly, but terrestrial bliss.  
We are immortal but our home is earth,  
And making home most bright is test of worth.  
Those who sing doleful psalms and preach for pay  
Will mourn our course and this degen'rate day ;  
But we, naught fearing, will move wise along,  
With wealth endowing our republic strong,  
Till plenty blesses e'en the humblest home  
And every man has more than king become.  
A bread-and-butter gospel thus we live,  
And in return for work, abundance give.  
Advise, *Libertas*, if I weakly speak,  
Or if this boon I do not wisely seek."

Amazed, *Libertas* heard our hero through,  
And, as she listened, more indignant grew.  
She knew his vow, how law of hers he'd deem  
" 'Bove riches, honors, power—'bove all supreme " ;  
And now, ere fifty years had rolled away,  
He glibly talked about the money pay  
For treason to her will and wishes clear,  
And thus resentment she expressed severe :

“False Civitas, thou dost most weakly speak,  
Nor dost thou wisely thus thy boon now seek.  
Thou sneer'st at that thine oaths had giv'n ap-  
plause,  
And tear'st at virtue with thy wordy claws.  
Shame on thee, traitor. Dost thou not well know  
That freedom never can in such soil grow ?  
In noble minds alone it can find root  
And noble thoughts must train the tender shoot.  
Thou know'st that virtue is my vital breath,  
That, with that lost, there is eternal death ;  
And yet, for silver, thou wouldst sell thy soul  
And damn my life with thine ! Is this thy role ?

“'Tis not the business of the state to preach,  
Nor after joys supernal try to reach ;  
But to consult man's highest earthly good,  
Which surely's something more than clothes and  
food.

The slave who works the cotton and the corn  
Has both of them in his dark lot forlorn,  
But freedom is not there to bless and raise,  
Or light his toilful night with cheering rays.  
To fill the belly and to warm the back,  
To see of comforts that there is no lack,  
Might satisfy the wants and aims of those  
Whose brutish minds ne'er 'bove the grov'ling rose ;  
But men who think, as well as eat and wear,

Of higher joys will ask a larger share.  
Eat, drink, and merry be, to-morrow die,  
With beasts' low instincts may in scope comply.  
Mere soulless things, that root and grunt and grow,  
And, in the end, to slaughter, fattened, go,  
May have a mission useful of its kind,  
But never can provide the thinking mind  
With types of life that would its longings meet,  
Nor hint a way to make its joys more sweet.  
Thy gospel new has this, then, for its boast,  
It makes men hogs, and hogs gives honor's post.  
Thy care should first, should last, should always be  
To guard the life, the law of liberty.  
If this be done with ever thoughtful zeal,  
This land of ours shall know no lack of weal :  
And growing wealth will breed not bitter strife  
Which threatens all when greed, unchecked, is rife.  
When men are bound to avarice as slaves,  
And know no good but what its spirit craves,  
'They'll not be then in anything denied  
Which may, by blood or riot, be supplied.  
But if my love controls in every breast,  
And every wrong is by my law redressed,  
Rash discontents will not then fly to arms  
And shake the state with barb'rous war's alarms,  
But bide their time till justice th' issue tries,  
Brands wrongs as wrong and that that's right as wise.

*The reign of liberty is reign of law,*  
And this it was I clearly then foresaw  
When by firm oaths I thee once sought to bind  
To serve me only and my laws defined.  
The reign of wealth is reign of avarice,  
A passion brought to empire, which means this :  
Blind justice sees, sees profit in the scales,  
While to all else the passion vision veils.  
O then renounce thy gospel's shameless creed  
And follow me as I, in love, shall lead."

False Civitas, however much deceived,  
Both sound and right the views he held believed.  
Believing so, he thought her warmth ill-timed,  
And with his sense of wrong his answer chimed :  
" Libertas, I deserve not thy harsh words,  
And with the facts thy speech but ill accords.  
The wilderness a blooming garden grows,  
The desert buds and blossoms as the rose ;  
In prairie wastes I found my powerful States,  
Through trackless woods wide open easy gates ;  
The rivers fetter to obey my will,  
With life anew the nerves of commerce thrill ;  
My cities build where was the beaver's haunt,  
Where savage wigwams smoked, school-houses  
plant ;  
Enlightenment, in brief, I there have shed

Where savagery but now his horrors bred.  
Of deeds like these I'm not ashamed to boast.  
These make men hogs? And hogs give honor's  
post?

To talk thus wildly surely shows not sense,  
But fancy's giving reason rude offence.  
'Tis quest of wealth that all these wonders wrought,  
Made prairies States, and States to empire brought;  
'Tis quest of wealth, with schools the nation lights,  
And commerce wings for swifter, nobler flights;  
'Tis quest of wealth has made the country great,  
And thou shouldst not its glories thus berate.  
What weigh thy sickly dreams 'gainst truths like  
these?

When fact appears, how quickly fancy flees?  
When sober sense speaks out, how mute is cant?  
How fully triumphs truth o'er thoughtless rant?  
The practical the sentimental meets,  
Its weakness shows, to shame brings its conceits.  
The tangible abides, the shad'wy flies;  
The true will live, the false all fruitless dies.  
Libertas, thou must own I'm in the right,  
And all thy war on wealth is foolish spite."

Libertas answered, hiding not dismay  
That one she loved should thus her love betray:  
"False Civitas, how canst thou be so mad  
To talk thus, strangely mixing good and bad?

'Tis not the seeming real that is most real,  
Or wealth that's seen that is the greatest weal.  
Thy garden fields drear wastes again may be,  
Thy States imperial crash in anarchy;  
Thy cities proud glut riot's ravenous maw,  
Thy schools of learning teach the robber's law;  
Thy civilization become in time  
An organized revolt 'gainst law by crime.  
All this may be, and sure as fate will be,  
If thou aught dar'st exalt 'bove liberty.  
Thy facts will then be facts in very deed,  
Thou'lt eat the fruit as thou hast sown the seed;  
Thy practical will then its harvests reap,  
Thy tangible, triumphant revels keep;  
Thy boasted real will horrid nightmare seem,  
From weal dissolving, floods of woe will stream.  
No sentiment will mar thy sober thought  
While it contemplates what thy wisdom wrought.

“ False Civitas, when mere material growth  
Can steal thy sense, can swerve thee from thine  
oath,  
Can make thee drunk with humored vanity  
And sink thy soul in sloughs of treachery;  
Then monsters, self-begot, will from its womb  
Come parricides, and work their parent's doom  
If wealth to give shall be the state's whole aim,  
Then, equal giving vindicates its claim

To justice in its rule ; but if not so,  
And while some richer, others poorer grow,  
The poor will envy those the state preferred,  
And wreck the state whose partial laws thus erred.  
So long as plenty came to all alike,  
And want, with suff'ring, ne'er did idlers strike ;  
And folly held its own 'gainst thrift and care,  
And work with indolence took equal share ;  
So long as cunning robbed not just desert,  
And trustfulness as craft was as alert ;  
And wit the witless tried in vain to foil,  
And shrewdness stole not gains from honest toil ;  
So long as things like these did not confuse  
The giving to all equally their dues ;  
So long thy state to quest of wealth enslaved  
Might boast its triumphs though just laws it braved :  
But when the inequalities appear,  
And rich and poor each at the other jeer,  
The rich with pride, the poor with envy blind,  
Then where wilt thou thy right to govern find ?  
Thine aim was plenty to insure to all,  
And if thou fail'st in that, the whole must fall ;  
For what remains when life's sole aim is lost,  
But vain contrition's counting up the cost ?  
If thou becom'st of wages guarantor,  
And wages fall, and fall still more and more ;  
Or if thou sponsor stand'st for ventures made,

And into losses promised profits fade ;  
Then workmen and investors both will say  
That with their int'rests thou didst falsely play ;  
Much thou didst promise and didst give but loss,  
Thy golden glitter proved but worthless dross.  
Again I plead, renounce thy shameless creed  
And patient follow where, in love, I lead."

Far from convinced, false Civitas replied,  
Seeking to justify his passion's pride :  
" On failure of mine aim thou found'st thy plea,  
And seest but ruin in prosperity.  
When smiling plenty cheers a prosperous land,  
And with abundance fills each worthy hand ;  
Thou talk'st of wages falling, profits lost,  
Of vain contrition's counting up the cost.  
Sound reasoning should always rest on fact,  
And fact all thou hast said has greatly lacked.  
When evils come there may be time to grieve,  
But, until then, we should in self believe.  
Who fancies goblins every step before  
Will close as opened each inviting door,  
And coward sit, bewailing his sad lot,  
While courage takes the prize he should have got.  
Then why of anarchy a goblin make ?  
Or think up riots, cities' strength to shake ?  
Or spin out phrases, adding rhyme to rhyme



'Bout organized revolt 'gainst law by crime?  
Mere ghosts of ghosts of things that never were,  
Of things that must not be, thy foresight blur  
And fright thee from the path which glory treads,  
Where perfect freedom smiling plenty weds.  
For what did God this wealth-wed land prepare?  
To shelter crime? provide the anarch lair?  
O no, *Libertas*, it can never be;  
America he kept t' enrich the free;  
And he himself most jealously will guard,  
'Gainst prostitution of his chosen ward.  
If these clear signs which all around I see  
Should prove but falsehood's snares entrapping me,  
Then God beneficent is good no more  
And we should learn to hate whom we adore.  
No: quest of wealth which has such wonders  
wrought  
Must still direct the current of my thought;  
And if with this thou canst not sympathize,  
And all my triumphs but provoke more sighs,  
To preaching thine attention thou shouldst turn,  
And talk of virtue while I profits earn;  
Thou thus mayst bless, perhaps, what I will gain;  
At least, whilst blessing, thou'lt forget thy pain.  
I'll daily wealth pursue, and thou wilt teach,  
And thus, the ends desired, we both shall reach.  
I'll prosp'rous make the land, thou'lt make it good,

Thou'lt nurture it on grace, and I, on food ;  
Thus we will test the merits of both ways,  
And justly render each its meed of praise."

Libertas grieving, yet indignant, said :  
" Was it for this that I thee, traitor, wed ?  
For this my goddess life I bade farewell ?  
To hear thee ring mine own and freedom's knell ?  
How easy dost thou bring my love to shame,  
And win thyself a worse than traitor's fame !  
Divergent paths thine insolence suggests ;  
Who's right or wrong to learn thou talk'st of tests !  
Thine oaths were not this double, doubting kind,  
The gend'rings of a hesitating mind,  
When thou didst frankly vows ordained assume,  
And in thine answers left for doubt no room :  
To self repeat again and yet again  
Each vow, each oath, each promise, each amen  
Thou gav'st to me upon our wedding day.  
Then ask thyself how thou canst all betray,  
And by thy treason shatter every plan  
And hope. When thou dost thus thy conduct scan,  
Perhaps repentance will withhold thy hand  
From bringing ruin on this heav'n-loved land.  
Thou, passion-drunk, of stones wouldst make thy  
bread,  
And starve thy soul ; by Mammon madly led.  
To try thy God, thou wouldst from temples leap,

To see him thy presumption harmless keep ;  
To win mere wealth, to worship self thou'dst bow,  
And lose eternity to gain the now.  
Betrayed by thee I am forever lost ;  
My love for thee immortal life has cost ;  
For vaunted treason, treasons worse begets,  
To catch the fall'n temptation sets new nets ;  
And so, from shame to shame, as thou go'st down  
Thou'lt lose thy virtue ; I, my goddess crown ! ”

False Civitas in anger sneered reply :  
“ Right early didst thou my suggestion try,  
And turn to preaching with thy cant and sighs,  
Whilst yet I feared thou mightst my hint despise.  
Libertas, dear, thou'rt very good at that ;  
Dost know the texts, hast got the twang most pat.  
I'm glad a mission I've thought out for thee  
Which so becomes thy prudish piety.  
I'll give thee spir'tual charge in every State,  
And thou canst sceptics save from doubt's debate.”

Libertas felt the sneers which touched the quick.  
Her heart was smitten sore, her soul was sick.  
Her voice, with anguish laden, often broke  
With groans of agony, as thus she spoke :

“ False Civitas, doomed Civitas, we part.  
Dissolve, O eyes, in tears ! Break, O my heart !  
A sob, my song ; darkness my light must be ;

Despair, my hope ; my joy, but misery !  
My life, myself to fly ; my death, my life ;  
My weal, but woe ; my peace but hopeless strife !  
To this at last I'm brought for love of thee,  
And thou dost vaunt thine infidelity ! ”

O'ercome with grief no more she tried to say,  
But turned, and walked in sorrow slow away.  
He saw *Libertas* sadly leave his side,  
Saw forest shades her form receding hide,  
Then turned on self a troubled, searching thought  
To find excuse for so much anguish wrought.  
With broken vows his pride held long debate  
And vict'ry won,—as was prescribed by fate.

Drunk with prosperity, he wildly rushed  
To drink more deeply of the pride that hushed  
The voice which told of ills that hovered round  
The soul to reason blind, to passion bound.

Temptation, far off viewed, is vanquished soon,  
But near at hand, is welcomed as a boon.  
The hideous, lovely grows ; the ugly, nice ;  
The monstrous, beautiful ; and charming, vice.  
Perverted sense perverts whate'er it sees,  
And that once hated, seen again, will please.  
Corrupt the thought, the life's corrupt all through,  
And thinking wrong is starting wrong to do.  
The mind's the man, and moulds him to its cast ;

His acts may lie, but truth comes out at last.  
'Tis creed that makes the life, not life the creed ;  
No goodly crop e'er sprung from worthless seed.  
Do grapes on thorns, do figs on thistles grow ?  
According to their kind plants fruitage show.  
Who falsehood sows must harvest lies ere long,  
Whose faith is false must live a life all wrong.  
The hypocrite's a fool, though reckoned wise,  
For who, feigned saints exposed, does not despise ?  
And who knows not exposure is reserved  
For preaching not by living well observed ?

When states pretend that liberty's their aim,  
And love more something else—whate'er its name,  
As hypocrites keep faith and life at war,  
Serve this in speech but that in thought far more ;  
When forms they cling to after life has fled,  
And practices observe when faith is dead ;  
When show remains to mock the substance gone,  
And service is but boasting what's been done,—  
A hollow shell, a bubble's all that's there—  
A pin but pricks and it dissolves to air.

False Civitas now to the city hies,  
And in its haunts his pleasure gratifies.  
He, conscience-stung for what but now he'd done,  
In wild debauch from his remorse would run.  
Till whim, perhaps, Libertas to annoy,

Became a purpose fixed, the hour's employ.  
To do some rash, some foolish, wicked thing,  
With women lewd to dance and ribald sing,  
He thought the way his pride to glorify,  
Throw off her guardianship, her power defy.  
Oblivion, too, in sports like these he'd find  
From thoughts of wrong done that torment the mind.  
New friends he needed with *Libertas* gone,  
And these in haunts of vice were quickly won.  
From hell to hell he went, proclaiming still  
That those who followed him should have their fill  
Of eat and drink, and portions large and free  
Of lands and houses, and all rich should be.  
How on his words the blear-eyed rabble hung,  
Praised loud his worth, his condescension sung;  
Admired his way of governing the state,  
But most his power their appetites to sate.  
At witless wit they ever boist'rous laughed,  
And swore allegiance as his health they quaffed.

He who would rise must be where people are;  
See what they want, not study from afar.  
To lay the ropes must first be thorough learned,  
To pulling them attention next be turned.  
Who lays and pulls ropes best sees this most clear,  
He lessens friction as he pays for beer.  
The fool makes speeches, arguing at length,  
In politics believing truth is strength;

While this delusion flattering he hugs,  
Another gets the votes with five-cent mugs.  
The tyro goes to books to learn to rule,  
The vet'ran knows the bar's a better school.  
Know then the people, care naught else to know,  
If in official life you'd like to grow :  
Their whims make yours, their follies see as wise,  
And ever read your duty with their eyes.  
Think not to find a better way than theirs,  
For thoughtful independence lays but snares.  
Who waits for them to blaze a certain trail  
And follows close, can surely never fail ;  
To watch its crooks and turns is all the skill,  
If none be blazed, then, prudence says, stand still.  
The knowing when to move as well as how,  
Regarding not the future but the now,  
Makes all the diff'rence in the world between  
A politician ripe and one that's green.  
Crude inexper'ence paths divergent finds,  
Thinks for itself, and goes as this one winds ;  
While shrewd exper'ence stops to look, and sees  
The people move by that,—and it agrees.  
The one's forgotten as 'tis left behind,  
The other's praised for its discerning mind.  
The bookish-proud may laugh, may mock, may sneer  
Because unschooled desert the people cheer.  
The masses are by instinct guided right,

Reward their friends and foes sagacious slight.  
Then stick to them and be with them alway,  
If you your politics would e'er make pay.  
Be what they want and at the very time,  
'Tis pushing on ahead that here is crime.  
Make paper money, silver, gold or skins—  
And when they want it—that it is that wins.  
If harm should come, you're surely not to blame,  
Their will can never be their servant's shame.  
To know the people first, the people next  
Is omega and alpha of this text.  
Go where they are, where'er that place may be,  
And with surroundings make yourself agree.  
If cold, reserved, you keep yourself aloof,  
Give of familiarity no proof,  
Your condemnation will be sure and just :  
If you distrust them, they should you distrust.  
So go to church when church bells solemn ring,  
Join in responses, with the loudest sing ;  
Be sure all see you in your pious mood  
And know one politician who is good.  
But with the service o'er hunt up a bar,  
Confusion drink to partial laws that mar  
Enjoyments—not of preaching, praying kind,  
But those of men more lib'rally inclined.  
Be sure they see you in your jolly frame  
And know that you and they have minds the same.



You thus may win both classes to your side  
And mount ambition's path with easy stride.

False Civitas was wise, and knew these things  
Without book-learning and the doubts it brings.

Who cultivates the wisdom of the schools,  
Rejects clear instinct to obey its rules,  
Imagines statecraft some mysterious art  
Which only ancients knew and books impart,  
Will one day mourn the grievous error made  
And curse the lore his common sense betrayed.  
He'll wary be, when that which wins is dash ;  
Conservative, when that alone is rash ;  
Will march by beaten roads when they're worn out,  
Will hesitate, when doubt means certain rout ;  
Will play in politics a losing hand  
Where knowledge counts far less than skill and  
"sand."

Attainments here are greatly out of place ;  
Who squanders cash when he can run his face ?

So Civitas, to instinct giving ear,  
And seeking by its light his course to steer,  
Was down among the people, working well  
To learn for his own use the ways of hell.

Though back to God is sometimes traced its birth,  
All human government is of the earth.  
The wicked, as the good, its power preserve,  
The wicked, as the good, have weals to serve.

Just government should recognize them both,  
And deal with all alike who aid its growth.  
If representative the state would be,  
It cannot rest alone on piety,  
But on the people, good and bad alike,  
Who will in laws a wholesome average strike.

Saloons and brothels Civitas went through  
To learn what they would like to have him do ;  
What laws upon them seemed to bear too hard ;  
How he could win their popular regard.  
Libertas talked of virtue in the state,  
As though it only made republics great.  
But Civitas, of late, had wiser grown,  
Thought vice with virtue should divide the throne.  
The rabble saw and loved his lib'ral mind,  
And cursed Libertas as a bigot blind.  
The wisdom of shrewd Civitas appeared  
When they to him in factions' strifes adhered—  
Rolled up for him their votes to meet each need,  
Secured, in turn, the right his purse to bleed.  
They learned the truth, his was a business state ;  
And o'er the sale of men held warm debate.  
The placeman's wages and the voter's price,  
T' adjust, with fairness, made a problem nice ;  
But out of chaos soon a system grows,  
And each one pay receives as strength he shows.  
Libertas prudish showed her little wit

When 'gainst these arts she strove her love to pit.  
Her love 'gainst dollars! Truth 'gainst cash in  
hand!

Can shadow, substance? Dream, the real with-  
stand?

She lost the game as often as she played;  
The rabble cheered her speeches,—him obeyed.  
Thus wisely orders Civitas his ways,  
Wins daily friends, secures unbounded praise;  
Preserves in government just equipoise,  
As with the bad he ever good alloys.

One night as he is doing these low haunts  
He hears a voice,—as music strange it chants.  
It struck familiar on his list'ning ear,  
Back carried thought through many, many a year,  
To that dark day when he lay all alone  
Upon the field his valor had just won.  
It seemed familiar and it yet was not,  
Had lost some harshness and some smoothness got.  
"Anarchia," he said, "as I'm alive;  
She's here, come back to see how now I thrive.  
I now can laugh her threat'ning rage to scorn,  
Make her repent the vengeance she has sworn.  
I'll stir her envy with my prosp'rous growth,  
Show 'gainst my power how impotent her oath.  
What can she mean by keeping up this din?

There's something going on and I'll go in."

He enters what, to his accustomed mind,  
Appears a brothel, vilest of vile kind.  
He sees the wantons in their shameless sports,  
As ribald song the obscene dance supports ;  
At home seems with the lewdest of the rout,  
At low jests laughs, joins in each drunken shout ;  
Takes part, unblushing, in their noisy pranks  
And for the part he plays receives loud thanks.  
Thus he makes head with his most righteous cause,  
Increases influence and wins applause.  
Anarchia's bold spirit has command,  
She guides the dancers with her claw-like hand ;  
With voice of brass, with passions fierce inflamed,  
Calls out the figures, keeps the mirth untamed.  
Familiar with the world gay Civitas  
Now hears the voice no more as sounding brass ;  
Nor, as of yore, her form as hideous sees.  
So changes youth, so grows the vile to please.  
To self he says: "How time has changed the  
jade !  
Attractive, th' ugly ; fair, the foul has made !"  
Who then had altered ? He or she ? Who knows ?  
They seem to meet as friends who parted foes.  
Their eyes in mutual recognition meet  
And each the other closer seeks to greet.  
O Civitas, beware ! Thou'rt on the brink.

Below is hopeless ruin ! Stop and think !  
Libertas still would welcome thy return.  
A little more in vain her love will yearn ;  
A little more thy doom's eternal fixed ;  
Despair relentless, woe, with hope unmixed !  
A little more, thy life's-hope vow is broke ;  
A little more, thy sentence, death, is spoke !  
Let not presumption carry thee too far,  
Blight all thy promise, dim for aye thy star !  
Repentance still is possible for thee,  
It is not yet too late, but soon may be.  
These were thy words : " By thy chaste life I swear  
I'll guard thy life with ever jealous care ;  
And, though an angel I have never been,  
If tempted, I'll not fall, but vanquish sin."  
If thou couldst dare in shame thine oath to break,  
And on thyself just wrath of Heaven take,  
For pure Libertas' sake thou shouldst forbear,  
For she, though innocent, thy woe must share.  
Repent then, dastard, ere it be too late,  
And save thyself, Libertas and thy state.

The dance goes on, the song still louder swells,  
Grows grosser jest, still more the liquor tells,  
Till rages revelry's debauch unchecked.  
When passions pilot, virtues must be wrecked.  
The vortex yawns, gay Civitas draws nigh,

Anarchia still holds his lusting eye.  
Now in confused, half-drunken way he thinks :  
“ He leads charmed life who freely pleasure drinks ;  
Death he defies whose pathway joy makes bright,  
Who gathers wealth by day to gladden night.”  
Still whirls the dance, still goes the cup around,  
Still swells the song, still ribald jests abound,  
Still gayer grows gay Civitas the while,—  
Anarchia, triumphant, leers a smile.  
Smothered is shame and slain is manhood’s pride ;  
He leaves the rout, he stands close by her side.  
He was the first to speak, and lightly said :  
“ So then, Anarchia, thou art not dead.  
So long thou’st stayed away I did not know  
But thou hadst gone the way all mortals go ;  
But surely thou hast not come back to wreak  
The vengeance which, in rage, thou then didst speak  
When last we met in that neglected spot !  
Thou hast, of course, thine awful curse forgot ? ”  
“ Great Civitas,” she said, in quick reply,  
“ Thou needst not fear ; I’m yet too young to die.  
The world’s gone well with thee, I understand,  
And Fortune’s favored with most lavish hand.  
Thou canst not surely fear that curse of mine !  
How much could words avail ’gainst power like  
thine ?  
O no, great Civitas, I’ve come to praise

The marv'llous justice seen in all thy ways.  
Thine equity I'd learn to tell again  
To other nations which have not thy ken.  
Thou seek'st the end that e'er exalts the state,  
Makes people happy, and the sovereigns great ;  
Thou shower'st thy blessings on the masses all,  
Nor e'er refused is heard want's suff'ring call.  
If thou wilt but pursue this worthy path,  
Thy power increasing may condemn my wrath.  
But wrath I cherish not, forgot's my curse,  
So long as people share thine equal purse.  
Great Civitas, I bid thee be at ease ;  
It is mine aim thy manly heart to please.  
In other nations I've my wiles pursued—  
Made monarchs tremble, by my schemings shrewd ;  
Disturbed the peace of many a despot power  
Which bought me, harlot, off with royal dower.  
In secret courted, though in public scorned,  
I live a princess, though from palace warned.  
But, as thou show'st me open, fair regard,  
Against mine arts thou hast thy weal thus barred.”  
She towards him closer draws while yet she speaks.  
Her hand's on his, her warm breath's on his cheeks.  
Then is all lost ? O, dastard, break away !  
Run for thy life ! Nor for a moment stay,  
Until Libertas thou hast told the whole,  
And in her love washed white thy black, black soul !

As though a signal giv'n, he hears her cough—  
The rabble rout like rabbits scurry off.  
The room is empty—revellers are gone—  
The lights are out.—The two are left alone !



## PART FOURTH.

### THE TEST AND THE TRIUMPH.

IF wild oats sowed should not produce a crop,  
And follies done should with the doing stop ;  
If seeds of wanton fun should not grow sighs,  
And sorrows should ne'er spring as laughter dies ;  
If indiscretions should not mischiefs breed,  
And fault to crime should not in sequence lead ;  
If wisdom's acts and thoughts should fructify,  
And others all should never multiply ;  
What glorious harvests would the seasons yield !  
No tares to gather in the world-wide field.  
Unhappily it is not so arranged,  
The law for virtue is for vice not changed ;  
That which is sowed shall surely gathered be,  
An hundred fold of joy or misery.

Great Civitas had fallen, self-betrayed.  
He'd sowed the wind, the storm could not be  
stayed.

To sense returned, he felt the stinging lash  
Of conscience, chiding his presumption rash.

He'd find Libertas and forgiveness crave,  
Invoke her pity and her power to save.  
She might refuse to hear. The awful thought  
Came to him o'er and o'er with anguish fraught,  
Until his soul, most sorely smitten, cried,  
In words conceived no more in daring pride :  
" I am forsworn, I have my trust betrayed.  
But now the future lured, now makes afraid.  
But now my prospects glowed as shines the sun,  
In folly's frenzy all is now undone.  
A child of light a drunken demon slew,  
And I, the murdered, was the slayer too.  
By mine own hand I my destruction wrought,  
Brought earth to hell in ways of hell self-taught.  
Now back I'd climb up steepes though wrapped in  
flame,  
Through seas of fire would strive to 'scape my  
shame.  
Can climbing save ? Will suff'ring's strifes avail ?  
They can, they will ; my mission must not fail.  
Was I not pledged an immortality ?  
Was I not made a god by her decree ?  
If I a mortal should but faithful prove  
And never once betray Libertas' love,  
Then I, through her, immortal life would gain,  
Become a god and as immortal reign !  
Such was the pledge with the condition made ;

It still stands good, I've *not* her love betrayed.  
I've wandered far, have madly guilty been,  
But have not done th' unpardonable sin.  
A drunken fool I was—enough, but all.  
'Repent!' I heard a voice then loudly call,  
And quick Anarchia far from me flung,  
Rushed from her presence, felt my heart-strings  
    wrung

As though some hand were tearing them away.  
My land's Free Genius seemed just then to say :  
'Thou'rt rescued once, but rescued is not saved.  
Return again, thy path to death is paved.'  
If I but knew Libertas would forgive,  
And suffer me again for her to live,  
These soul torments would anguish bring no more,  
Her foes I'd shun, and her alone adore !"

So hoping on, though fearing hope had fled ;  
To love still clinging, though he feared it dead ;  
He argued up and down and in and out ;  
Now firm in faith, again unnerved by doubt.  
Sometimes all confidence, again despair ;  
Conflicting thoughts his mind alternate share.  
Libertas these perplexities alone  
Might set at rest, and bid them all begone.  
But could she, after all ? The question pressed,  
Was law now this, now that, as she thought best ?  
Or was it something fixed by higher might ?

A rule of Heav'n, by God ordained as right?  
What was it, then, to prove to her untrue ;  
A simple failure all her will to do ?  
If this were meant, then surely all was lost,  
For he, defiant, her known wishes crossed.  
But if to give another pledge of love  
Was what it was his faithlessness to prove,  
His innocence he then would firm maintain  
And show a soul pure white of that dark stain.  
Whate'er the meaning was, Libertas knew ;  
She could explain, could tell him what to do  
If aught could yet be done to help his plight  
Or stream with hopeful day despairing night.

Then her he sought and manly all confessed ;  
Found her forgiving, though with grief oppressed.  
When he had told her all his ways and wiles,  
The cunning used, which innocence beguiles,  
To win from her the popular regard  
And power achieve, but power with brib'ry  
    marred ;  
And how the people he had taught to stray,  
In quest of wealth, from her appointed way ;  
And how he lower, and still lower, sunk,  
To dregs the cup of demagogy drunk ;  
And how Anarchia he then had met,  
Who had for him well spread her fatal net ;

And how, repentant, he had now returned,  
The folly of it all in sorrow learned:  
When with contrition he had told all this,  
Omitting nothing he had done amiss ;  
He craved forgiveness, if 'twere hers to give ;  
Renewed his vow for her alone to live.  
Libertas heard his story to the end ;  
Nor frankness did she once with doubt offend  
By putting questions pointing to distrust,  
Nor gave she sign she e'en, in thought, discussed  
The truthfulness of anything he said,  
Or fairness of the explanations made.  
But still a friend the scandal brought to her  
(What friends are for's to tell when husbands err),  
And so she had misgivings not removed ;  
For slander by denial's not disproved.  
With heart confiding, mind with doubtings racked,  
Distrusting scandal, fearing yet the fact,  
To plea for pardon thus her answer gave,  
Though warm her love, showed little power to save:  
    " O Civitas, how cruel thou hast been ;  
How thou hast scorned my love and loved thy sin.  
Of wealth's pursuit I thee enamoured saw,  
And warned thee then of thy true being's law.  
I'll chide thee not. Thou hast the lesson learned,  
And now com'st back to me so cruel spurned.  
If in that woman's foul embrace thou wert,

Immortal as our lives is then our hurt ;  
But, if but tempted and thou didst not fall,  
Obed'ent heard at last repentance call,  
Then my forgiveness freely giv'n to thee  
Thy life again makes hopeful, noble, free.  
Thy word I take, believe thy story true,  
But still my faith cannot the fact undo.  
If thou hast falsely spoke, 'twill not avail ;  
God's law is sure—his judgments will not fail.  
In what's to come the verdict will be seen,  
As thou art written down, clean or unclean,  
So shall we all,—thyself, thy State and I,—  
In glory live or, hopeless, pray to die."

"What is to come, then," Civitas replied,  
"Shall doubts of thine remove, my fate decide.  
With confidence the future I accept  
To arbitrate the way my vow I've kept."

Meanwhile, Anarchia had shrewdly planned  
To make her power controlling in the land.  
She saw the notion Civitas had spread,—  
That governments should people keep in bread,—  
Had grown in favor as the years rolled by  
Till no one dared the principle deny.  
She clearly saw that she would rise to power  
When, plant-like, bore this principle its flower.  
If work were wageless, or if ventures failed,

The government that pledged would be assailed,  
And discontents would soon to riot run,  
And riots would proclaim her reign begun.  
All this in prospect clear as light she saw,  
The perfect working of relentless law.  
To hasten this, invoked she all her art,  
And with consummate skill played well her part.

Now Plutocrat a spirit bold possessed ;  
A cunning matchless, zeal that knew no rest ;  
An industry that would the world subdue  
If time were given all he thought to do ;  
A mind far-reaching in its plans for gain,  
But soulless thought, pure product of the brain ;  
A conscience, feeling money-loss alone  
A crime for which no penance could atone ;  
Ambition vaulting ; caution circumspect ;  
An avarice that ne'er for wrong done recked ;  
A robber's instinct and a robber's nerve ;  
A will unyielding, bent but self to serve ;  
A judgment, seeing when to bribe or fight ;  
A skill in logic which could black make white ;  
A power for evil clearly manifest ;  
A power for good, perhaps, which never blest.  
When he was born and who his parents were,  
Dark scandal said, but that is apt to err.  
Though young he seemed, he'd grown to man's  
estate,

But for his birth there's fixed no certain date.  
Immortal, soulless (so the rumor ran),  
He burst the womb at once a full-grown man.  
Anarchia his mother was, 'twas said,  
His father, Civitas ; but light's not shed  
By scandalmongers' tales on hist'ry's page,  
And who believes them true is never sage.  
Anarchia into her councils took  
This man or monster (as you on him look),  
And formed alliance with him to the end  
That each the other's schemings should befriend.  
Unnatural at best this union seems,  
The meeting and agreeing of extremes ;  
For Plutocrat all wealth would make his own,  
And found on it a grasping, tyrant throne ;  
While she would scatter all that thrift might gain,  
And 'mid the wreck of all things fix her reign.  
Impossible this compact must have been,  
Had he, as she, the future clearly seen.  
Regarding only progress made each day,  
He never thought or cared where led his way.  
A dollar hid no one could further see,  
But how to keep it, none so blind as he.  
He would not lose, by any sudden turn,  
To guard 'gainst that he had been quick to learn ;  
But consequences, distant or obscure  
Which foresight, seeing bad, can sometimes cure,



He lacked ability, somehow, to trace,  
And saw that fair which looked fair on the face.  
Anarchia was cast in diff'rent mould.  
The future and results her acts controlled.  
Libertas of her empire she would rob,  
O'erthrow all law, to power exalt the mob.  
If she could this, her aim of aims, secure,  
Rebuffs for her were nothing to endure.  
She counted not the days' but ages' flight  
In working out designs conceived in spite.  
No temporary gain elated her,  
And losses seemed the more her zeal to spur.  
She saw afar and sacrificed to-day,  
The distant morrow trusting for her pay.  
To whelm Libertas, Civitas, and all,  
In universal wreck she'd made her call,  
And days and years, and centuries' long sweep  
Were naught to her whose vengeance knew no sleep.

To Plutocrat, however, told she not  
The far-off reachings of the present plot,  
But fed his avarice with promised spoils,  
While she industrious well wove her toils.  
For him she thus, his part to play, prescribed :

“O Plutocrat, thou hast great thoughts imbibed  
In part from me, in part from thine own mind,  
Which make thee towards vast empire strong in-  
clined.

Ambition well becomes a spirit bold,  
By mean men hated, and by great, extolled.  
The noble, restless, princely power acquire,  
While weaklings wallow in contentment's mire.  
Applaud I, then, thy chosen way of life,  
And pledge mine aid to make successful strife.  
The wise thing now is Civitas to coax  
To help prepare some pleasant, easy yokes  
Which thou canst place upon his people's necks.  
The argument for him should be bank checks.  
For he for wealth is very eager yet,  
Though feigning, for its quest, profound regret.  
If he takes not thy bribe, then rouse his fears.  
Tell him whose son thou art ; and beg with tears  
That he will not compel thee to make known  
To pure Libertas that he has a son—  
A son by me, Anarchia, at that,  
Dost thou perceive, my prudent Plutocrat ? ”

Then Plutocrat, who had a business turn,  
And wished precisely what to do to learn,  
Addressed Anarchia in these few words :

“ Mine aim with thine apparently accords.  
So far, so good ; but definiteness now  
Should mark thy speech. Especially shouldst thou  
Declare to me in language altogether plain,  
Free from all compliment and figures vain,

Exactly what from Civitas to force  
Which will my purpose serve, and thine of course.  
If I'm to bribe, to bribe him to do what?  
Or fright, for what? In brief, what is thy plot?  
What thou wouldst have me do, that will I do,  
But cannot play my part without the cue."

"I shall with definiteness speak," said she,  
"From compliment and figures vain keep free,  
Unfold the plot whereby we shall achieve  
Ourselves vast empire, and Libertas grieve;  
Great Civitas to hopeless ruin bring,  
Wreck the republic and enthrone thee king.  
This is the scheme, then, I would have worked out:  
First, Civitas thou'lt make face right about  
And have him place Libertas after thee  
In moulding law and fixing policy.  
Thou must his master absolute become  
So that he wiggles as thou wagg'st thy thumb.  
His favorite, in brief, thou'lt make thyself,  
And shrewdly use his power t' increase thy pelf;  
For favorites, though hated, spoils enjoy  
Without the cares that sovereignty annoy.  
Thou'lt have him frame his laws to let thee cheat,  
And cancel debts which others have to meet;  
Let thee make ventures, which, if they should fail,  
On others would the loss entire entail;  
But, if they should at all successful prove,

Thou wouldst the profits in thy pocket shove.  
Have all his laws contrived to meet thy views,  
And read, 'If heads I win, if tails you lose.'  
Then of his highways thou wilt get control,  
And make all commerce pay to thee a toll.  
Each journey made will tribute bring to thee,  
In every pound of freight thy gain thou'lt see.  
Of all the people eat or drink or wear,  
Through transportation take the lion's share.  
He who can make the king's highways his own  
Has him enthralled who occupies the throne.  
When thou dost come thy railroads to construct,  
Let promises to profits sure conduct.  
Pay out but wind, but take in all thou canst;  
Though thus thy friends be robbed, thy wealth's  
enhanced.

Thy hand lay on the lines of telegraph,  
And, at Libertas' wails, serenely laugh.  
On all communication, tax assess  
To rob the public and thyself to bless.  
Then, of the press a censorship create,  
Quotations change and stocks manipulate;  
Pervert the truth to serve thine own design,  
And square all news by int'rest's crooked line.  
Two things at once no people ever saw;  
Then run thy papers by this well-known law.  
Let scandal loose, attention to arrest;

While others read, well feather thou thy nest.  
With railroad, press and telegraph controlled,  
No one from thee can empire long withhold.  
With favoring laws and these things at command,  
Thou'lt soon be hailed as prince o'er all the land.  
I think there's much that I might still suggest,  
But wisdom clear as thine will know what's best.  
With progress made, what next to do thou'lt see,  
And soon supreme o'er all the land wilt be.

“I pardon beg.—I had almost forgot  
A quite important detail of the plot.  
Before thou hast advanced far on thy path  
Thou mayst excite the thinking voter's wrath,  
Who may oppression see before it comes  
And fail to nibble at thy bribing crumbs.  
If on thine arguments thou wouldst put stress,  
A people tractable thou must address.  
But thinking men thy reas'ning will not blind,  
Nor will they be to thy designs inclined.  
They'll spurn thy bribes, thy power will see to hate,  
And of thy usurpations loudly prate.  
Thou mayst thy hireling press sick on them—true,  
But something more than that thou'lt need to do.  
Thou must import an ignorant voting class  
To swear by thee, and stand by Civitas  
In the alluring principle he spread,  
That States exist to give the people bread.

Those who think thus, or never think at all,  
Thou must rely upon to heed thy call,  
Thy bribe to take, to vote the ballot giv'n  
When freemen ask from power to have thee  
driv'n ;

Thine enterprises can employment find  
For countless hordes of this convenient mind ;  
And barb'rous lands can inundations roll  
Of such as fitted are for thy control.  
Thou'lt thus get labor cheap, and votes to boot,  
Enrich thyself and liberty uproot.  
Thus power will profit, profit power augment,  
And people bribed will be with all content ;  
And labor free, reduced to bondmen's pay,  
Will forced accept conditions of thy sway.  
Thy greatness firm foundation will have laid  
In votes thine own, the price for which thou'st paid,  
And all the world will thy great craft applaud, ;  
Libertas see as Civitas—a fraud.  
The scheme I've thus unfolded at some length ;  
Now to its execution bend thy strength,  
Till thou hast conquest greater far achieved  
Than ever victors crowned or peoples grieved."

Dark was the plot Anarchia revealed,  
Nor were her motives very deep concealed.  
She would in people's minds a doubt create

Of even-handed justice in the state ;  
Insinuate belief that laws were made  
To favor some, while others were betrayed.  
Conviction such as this, she knew full well,  
Would ring, ere long, the doomed republic's knell.  
The detail, she pretended she'd forgot,  
Was the important part of all the plot  
So far as in it there was gain for her,  
More than for him ; but this did not occur  
To Plutocrat, whose avarice was whet  
By spoils in prospect she'd before him set.  
He eagerly assumed the part assigned  
And said : " Anarchia, thou'rt very kind  
In what thou sayst ; and, business-like as well.  
It would be hard thy wisdom to excel ;  
I'll not attempt it, but will, heeding, haste  
Where leads thy clue, nor time in boasting waste.  
A shining goal not far before me lies,  
A throne's to reach, a kingdom is the prize.  
A royal chase I'll royally pursue.  
Anarchia, I thank thee. Now, adieu.  
When next we meet thou canst thy portion ask ;  
We'll not share spoils till finished is the task."

To Civitas he won his eager way,  
Nor sleep nor rest he'd brook his haste to stay.  
Just as the future Civitas had ta'en

To prove his innocence or show his stain,  
Did Plutocrat approach—Libertas gone—  
To tell the mission he had come upon.  
Contrasted in appearance stood these two,  
Unlike in everything that met the view.  
The one was large, athletic, nobly made,  
And manliness his countenance displayed.  
The other looked as of a diff'rent race;  
A pigmy's stature and a fox's face.  
The one for sway, authority seemed formed,  
But soul-born strength, with love of man, was  
warmed.

The other, too, a ruler might well be,  
But who would call oppression liberty;  
For soulless thing could not but self e'er see,  
And what serves self is what it would dub free.

But Plutocrat without delay thus spoke :  
“ I've hither come, my friend, to take thy yoke,  
To serve thy state, thy rising power defend,  
And thee and thine, in all things, to befriend.  
My mission—but, before I come to that,  
I should make known my name ; 'tis Plutocrat.  
My mission here relates, as thou wilt see,  
To what belongs to thy clear destiny.  
What is this destiny? Should one so ask,  
In answer I should say, Thine is a task  
Far more inspiring, grand, sublime than e'er



Earth's heroes roused to hope and do and dare ;  
Prove benefactors of the human race,  
And, luminous with love, their pathway trace.  
Thy destiny as clear as day behold  
Writ in thy fertile fields and mines of gold ;  
In wastes of woods with coal rich underlaid ;  
In hills of silver, mountains iron made ;  
In rivers, lakes and seas, a hemisphere,  
A half a world of treasure giv'n thee here.  
Here points thy destiny most manifest,  
And I will aid thee till 'tis all possessed.  
This closed box to the key I hold will ope,  
And give thee wealth beyond thy wildest hope :  
Will in thy coffers golden currents pour  
Of treasures vaster far than thou canst store.  
Thy civilization from commerce sprung,  
Along the narrow strip of coast now strung,  
To ocean bound, by mountains kept confined,  
I will release, its restless strength unbind ;  
Teach it to scale with ease opposing heights ;  
To win new conquests by more daring flights ;  
Its thralldom to the water courses break,  
Allies of forces more obedient make ;  
Along its shining way will blessings strew,  
Build towns and cities where proud forests grew ;  
In sterile wastes republics rich create,  
On power imperial found a loyal state ;

Thus on and on, and growing brighter still,  
Its path I'll cleave thy mission to fulfil.

Thus I to thee would wealth and empire bring,  
Serve thee, great Civitas, my liege and king."

He paused for answer. "Kindly is thy speech,"  
Said Civitas, "somewhat beyond my reach.  
I do not yet with any clearness see  
How in my service thou canst use thy key.  
How thou canst bring this wealth and empire vast,  
Or what this power peculiar is thou hast.  
What is this key, and how it used shall be,—  
These are the questions which now trouble me.  
Though destiny might wealth and empire claim,  
I'll nothing do 'gainst loved Libertas' name.  
If what thou seek'st no wrong to her intends,  
I may accede. Speak on, we may be friends."

Invited thus, sly Plutocrat renewed  
His argument, and, still respectful, sued :

"A worthy ruler of a state thou art ;  
Thy queries honor both thy head and heart.  
Thou wouldst have knowledge ere thou wouldst receive

A proffered friendship which might thee deceive.  
Thou wouldst Libertas from all harm protect  
Ere with mine aid thou wouldst new States erect.  
Who acts in ignorance is but a fool ;  
Who serves Libertas not is tyrants' tool,

The answers I shall make will honor show  
To thy clear mind and love that thou dost owe.  
The key I hold, the key I feign would keep,  
Is rapid transportation, safe and cheap;  
Through every part of thy republic wide,  
From coast to centre, e'en from side to side ;  
From far-off field to cities by the sea,  
From mine to mint, from farm to factory.  
This is the key to thy land's treasure-box,  
Which, turned by me, its secret spring unlocks.  
Then how to use it I will answer next,  
Thus sticking closely to thy queries' text.  
Let me thy highways build, and own, and use—  
Request like this thou scarcely canst refuse—  
I'll take the risk with little hope of gain,  
And give to thee an iron-bound domain.  
I'll stake my all upon a doubtful chance,  
And lose my all—thy greatness to enhance.  
If I've not fairly spoke, pray tell me why.  
I ask, just Civitas, as fair reply."

From Civitas the words indignant broke :  
"Thou hither cam'st to take on thee my yoke ?  
Saidst thou not so ? And now wouldst me enthrall ?  
Why didst thou not command me down to fall,  
And at thy feet, a slave, own thee my king ?  
Or war declare, and from me, conquered, wring  
Thine arrogant demand for power supreme ?

Couldst thou but for a single moment dream  
That I request like thine would ever grant ?  
That I, a sovereign, would myself supplant ?  
*Who owns the highways owns the state in fee ;*  
To sovereign leaves mere show of sovereignty ;  
At pleasure commerce taxes with high hand,  
To avarice a prey devotes the land ;  
The people plunders while he seems to bless,  
And freedom murders, feigning a caress.  
Let thee my highways build, and own, and use !  
Request like this I scarcely can refuse !  
My sovereign rights I'll sovereign-like maintain,  
And be myself supreme in my domain ;  
Nor lend my power, so easily abused,  
To one who might prove stronger when accused."

Though angered, Plutocrat kept self-controlled,  
And answered meek at first, but, growing bold  
As he advanced, sent home the telling shot  
With which Anarchia had charged the plot :

" I've sought," said he, " with friendly, loyal zeal  
To serve thy state and thine own sovereign weal.  
I'd break the chains that hold thee, giant, bound ;  
Tear down the walls impris'ning thee around.  
Thy love of wealth would boundless gratify ;  
Thy love of power with empire vast supply ;  
Would wing thy commerce, unify thy land ;  
Thy states together weld with iron band ;

All this would do—get little in return ;  
And me thou dost with indignation spurn !  
I've loyal service tendered loyally,  
But thou hast misconstrued humility.  
Apparently thou dost the error hold  
That thou shouldst only fear when speech is bold.  
Because I've come, with proffered friendship here,  
And never once have sought t' excite thy fear,  
Thou seemst to think thou canst my suit deny,  
And suffer not for lack of courtesy.  
A would-be friend a mortal foe oft makes,  
And folly oft for weakness kindness takes.  
With leave, I'll here a circumstance relate ;  
It may or may not bear on our debate,  
But it will serve to pass the time away  
And show, with reputation, how men play.  
'Tis said, great Civitas, that one gay night  
Thy dignity was found in sorry plight ;  
That in a brothel thou didst close embrace—  
(Be calm, my friend, control thy tell-tale face),—  
A woman named Anarchia, and then  
That thou didst swear with many an amen  
(Libertas to deceive) it was all false ;  
That thou didst only sing, and drink, and waltz ;  
That not one step beyond this thou didst go ;  
As if thou, beer-befuddled, could that know.  
That thou didst falsely swear and told not all,

That thou didst further than thou ownest fall,  
Libertas I'll convince with reas'ning pat,  
For I'm thy son, fond father, Plutocrat."

Said Civitas : "A liar damned thou art !"

Then Plutocrat : "Thou'rt playing well thy part ;  
But thou shouldst not thy son so cruel use,  
Nor him against the evidence accuse.

Wert thou, my sire, not there ? Am I not here ?

Could ever logic be more plain or clear ?

Before thou undertak'st to plead thy case,

Thou shouldst the facts look squarely in the face."

Then Civitas, enraged, but compassed 'bout  
With facts and circumstances which, no doubt,  
Would judgment force against him in th' event  
Libertas to a hearing gave consent,  
To Plutocrat in answer weakly spoke,  
Betrayed Libertas, took a tyrant's yoke :

"No devil damned a darker lie e'er told  
Than that but now I heard thy lips unfold.  
Thou shameless dost assert thou art my son !  
That in thy pigmy veins my blood doth run !  
That I thy fox's face in drink begot—  
Thy dam a harlot and thy sire a sot !  
Thou liest thyself to ignominy black,  
And feign'st the only shame that thou dost lack !  
What others lie to 'scape, thou li'st to win,

To gain thy point thou mak'st thy parents sin !

\* \* \* \* \*

True, I was there ; true, thou art, curse thee, here.

A truth begets a lie that life doth sear.

If loved Libertas should thy false claim know,

Sh'd doubt my faith, and doubt would bring—what  
woe !

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou mayst my highways build and own, and use.

Though empire's asked, I do not dare refuse.

Libertas, though, we must somehow deceive,

And that we love her, make her still believe.

If independent should appear thy power,

Grow as it must, and more than sovereign tower,

She will suspect the worst is proven true

And ascertain thy claim, led by this clue.

Thou must alleg'ance feign, and ask my will ;

Of course, thou'lt do just as thou pleasest still,

But ask for form's sake, grant I will perforce,

And thus, as slave, direct my master's course."

Said Plutocrat : " Fond father, spoken well ;

'Gainst mere appearance only fools rebel.

I'll take the substance, thou wilt have the show ;

To me the profits, fame to thee will flow.

I'll get the spoils whilst thou wilt glory gain :

I'll rule the land whilst thou wilt merely reign.

Thus son of sire will prove the complement,  
And filially by father's wish be bent."

Humiliated, Civitas replied :

"Thy sneers but stab again my wounded pride.  
I've lost an empire silencing a lie,  
And thou dost still with jibes my patience try.  
Begone, I bid thee ; build thy highways now ;  
Make me, a sovereign, to my subject bow."

"Fond father," Plutocrat replied, "thou'rt rash  
In thus subjecting me to anger's lash.  
Thou shouldst not bid, if thou canst not compel ;  
Thine age should thee a truth, so patent, tell.  
I'll not leave yet, nor till I've understood  
Some other things pertaining to our good.  
Pecuniary obligations large  
I must assume, assuming this great charge.  
If I should fail, financially I'm wrecked—  
Perhaps, from this, thou canst my wish collect.  
I'll leave no doubt. I would have laws contrived  
To keep me safe if ventures failed or thrived.  
Let them make others bear the losses all,  
And let me higher rise with every fall.  
I'll give thee blanks to serve occasion's need,  
And thou wilt see 'tis even so decreed.  
The point is this, most venerable sire,



Some one must pick the chestnuts from the fire  
In case the roaster should be overturned.  
The question is, whose fingers will be burned ?  
Not mine, of course. Then whose? Theirs who  
believe

That those who promise fair can ne'er deceive.  
They'll loan their money ; I'll invest it. So—  
Well, they may lose—but I will richer grow.  
On push, and pluck, and all that sort of thing,  
The changes in the people's ears I'll ring.  
I'll thus keep them from studying thy laws  
Which I will know in every secret clause.  
When I, with golden chains, have bound them fast,  
They'll see the glitter and forget their past ;  
Forget that they were citizens, once free,  
And love the shining badge of tyranny ;  
As savages, their lands for baubles sell,  
And barter empires for a tinkling bell.  
Thou understand'st the part thy laws must play  
In keeping fair the skies for making hay.  
The metaphor is bad, but plain the sense,  
The fools will risk take, I, the recompense.  
From time to time I'll further thee advise,—  
To look too far ahead is never wise.  
To what I've said thou'lt give now thy consent,  
And I'll begone, on my designs intent."

"I'm in thy power," said Civitas, distressed,

“Thou art my master, I’m thy slave confessed.  
A tyrant monster could alone demand  
That sacred law should help him rob the land ;  
That he, exempt from obligations, go,  
Whilst others pay the debts that he should owe.  
He, who blackmailers falls a victim to,  
And fears a lie lest some might think it true,  
And takes one step from rectitude’s plain path,  
May, first as last, surrender all he hath.  
Thou hast thy will. I do not dare say no.  
I do not bid, but beg thee, now to go.”

His mission gained, proud Plutocrat retired,  
With lust for power and avarice inspired.

\* \* \* \* \*

His web of steel and wire a spider spun,  
And o’er the land his meshes’ threads were run.  
He in his parlor put a tempting bait,  
And on the Nation dined ; supped on a State.

\* \* \* \* \*

Swift revolutions came, by wiles achieved,  
Far greater than the world had e’er conceived.  
Proprietary workmen who, anon,  
Supplied communities are lost and gone ;  
Are seen no more as men with minds and hearts,  
But of machines as necessary parts ;  
With reason not addressed, by force coerced,

Oppressed, submissive, but rebellious cursed ;  
Become mere fractions of wide-reaching wholes,  
Automata,—mere numbers on pay-rolls ;  
Combined against, if they in turn combine  
The world's askew—there's war on rights divine.

Once, competition business life controlled,  
And industry and skill and muscle told  
In strife for bread and modest competence ;  
Machines and combinations, impotence  
Make manly qualities like these to-day—  
The sport of chance, the plutarch's easy prey.  
Alliance to alliance swift succeeds,  
A compact broken, closer compacts breeds ;  
Where one to pieces falls, another springs,  
Till now, where'er we look, we see but "rings."  
Associations, corners, unions, pools,  
Or simply corporations make the rules  
Which run the markets and prescribe the price  
We pay for food, for furniture, for ice,  
For everything we eat, or drink, or wear ;  
For berth in sleeper or for railroad fare ;  
For coffins, cradles,—everything we use  
From grandma's night-cap to the baby's shoes.  
We do an errand, telegram despatch,  
Express a package, or but strike a match ;  
We ring a telephone, our lamp we light,  
Whate'er we do by day or e'en by night—

Some combination, somewhere, tribute takes  
And what we pay is just the price it makes.  
Grow larger, fewer, factories and mills,  
And mechanism more men's places fills,  
Till in vast corporations men are lost ;  
Mechanics for machines aside are tossed.  
The little shops, where skill and toil combined  
To foster manhood with content of mind,  
To ruin by the thousand have been hurled,  
As now plutocracy enthralls the world.  
Thus labor loses zest, of thought deprived ;  
Mere toilers strive to live where manhood thrived.  
The current rushes on more strong, more swift ;  
Still more of wagemen, and still less of thrift ;  
Still larger corporations, fewer shops ;  
Of discontents, still larger, larger crops.  
Still sweeps the current and the flood still swells ;  
The stronger corporation now compels  
The weaker, in its line of industry,  
To sacrifice its life in bankruptcy.  
With aid of telegraph and railroad lines  
What warfare leaves, self-interest combines  
In one consolidated mighty whole  
Which can its branch of trade, at will, control.  
When few the fact'ries are, the centres few,  
We all can see the ancient saying's true :  
" Where combination is made possible,

There, competition is impossible.”

For discord, harmony ; and peace for strife,  
Distinguish all commercial business life.

“The empire’s peace”—so despotism said,  
Which only meant that liberty was dead.

Thus combination competition slays  
And brings repose which all but croakers praise.

A feudal system grows like that of old,  
With serfs submissive and with chieftains bold ;  
With vassals, liegemen, lords high paramount,  
With fiefs and tenures more than one can count ;

Now broken into fragments, now combined,  
Cohering, yet discordant, still entwined  
Around and through our life of trade and toil ;  
Now parts at war each other to despoil,  
Now, all united to maintain their power

Whenever people see what dangers lower ;  
On force not founded, nor by sword maintained,  
But holding fast, by fraud, what knav’ry gained.

Thus coal-oil, whiskey, silver, gold, have rings,  
Whose managers, mere lords, swell ’round like  
kings ;

Through statesmen dictate policies and laws,  
Teach courts, in statutes how to find queer flaws ;  
Elections buy and legislatures sway,  
Choose senators, have congressmen in pay ;  
In every lobby work a bribing gang

To see that acts adverse shall have no fang.  
Like feudal chiefs, they fight o'er this or that,  
But serve their suzerain, great Plutocrat ;  
As he o'er all his mighty sceptre waves,  
And makes these vassal lords his loyal slaves.  
He fortunes makes, and fortunes, too, destroys ;  
Brings profits here, with losses there, annoys ;  
Turns fields to towns, if int'rest so inclines,  
Turns towns to fields, if that suits his designs ;  
All ventures makes mere reckless games of chance,  
Compels all markets, as he pipes, to dance ;  
Shows favor here, discrimination there ;  
All business life controls through freight and fare ;  
To combinations gives, from men withholds ;  
On whims of his the world commercial moulds ;  
For his own gain his trusting friends he robs,  
And scruples at no crime, contriving " jobs."  
On cities now, and now on men he preys,  
T' increase his pelf his corporation flays.  
Thus hind'ring, helping, as caprice inspires,  
In mill or furnace, damps or kindles fires ;  
New mines now opens, old ones now shuts up,  
Withholds or gives the life-infusing cup ;  
A law regards, obeys a court decree,  
If they with int'rest can be made agree.  
Does as he pleases all the Nation o'er,  
Has one land conquered—and he weeps for more.

He builds great colleges to teach the youth  
His ways are just—as learning's leading truth ;  
Political economy rewrites  
To show who wars on him 'gainst nature fights.  
He pulpits pays, to keep the churches sound—  
Till in the pews the rich are only found ;  
To cultured souls has able sermons read,  
With stones for bread, has hungry ignor'nce fed.  
To clothes, not souls, the temple's portals ope,  
And in their *styles* is seen the ground for hope.  
In golden currents flows the gospel tide—  
Religion serves to minister to pride.  
“Salvation, O salvation,” loud is sung ;  
“Salvation, O salvation,” still is rung.  
“Salvation, O salvation ”—but for whom ?  
For whom is life made glad, and bright the tomb ?  
The gorgeous temples modest worth repel,  
'Gainst fine phrased sermons untrained minds  
rebel.

The int'rest in the preaching always flags  
When snobs, in broadcloth, sit by men in rags.  
The gospel for the rich suits not the poor,  
And for them heav'n should keep a sep'rate door.  
It might a scandal prove, for long debate,  
If they should meet before the pearly gate.  
Meanwhile, on earth, divergence greater grows,  
As Plutocrat his strifes more widely sows.

The schools, as well as churches, he divides  
By class distinctions, showing life's two sides ;  
For foolish fashions lives of children shape,  
And strain the purse, wealth's foppery to ape ;  
And drive full many a boy to toil from school  
Whose parents are too poor to play the fool.  
Excite mean rivalries does Plutocrat  
Between the nabob's son and poor man's " brat."

To humble labor and his power increase,  
By thousands he imports here, under lease,  
Bohemian hordes, barbarians of all climes,  
To push the wageman down as up he climbs.  
He gets his workmen cheap from these rude tribes,  
And, ere long, voters swarm to take his bribes.

O'er man and mill and manufactory,  
O'er officer of low and high degree,  
O'er colleges and schools and church and state,  
O'er laws and courts—o'er all he was elate.

Now when Libertas saw this come to pass  
At once she summoned stricken Civitas,  
And asked of him the reason of it all,  
How he so great, so quick, so far could fall.

Said she : " Good Civitas, I seek to know  
The source of ills that darkly o'er us flow."

He answering said : " I must thy mercy crave ;  
I wronged the state thyself from pain to save.



A sly blackmailer's impious, dark craft  
Drove to my heart the poisoned, fatal shaft  
Which rankles there, an arrow barbed to slay.  
In hopeless pain, I mourn my powers' decay.  
A vile pretender, Plutocrat by name,  
Assailed my honor and proclaimed his shame ;  
Avowed that he was bastard son to me,  
Begotten in that night's debauchery."

Libertas, interrupting, made reply :  
"It is a lie, a shameless, wanton lie.  
For what did he this falsehood foul thus make,  
And what from thee for silence did he take ? "

Said Civitas : " My highways he procured  
To own and use of title firm assured.  
And by their aid formed combinations vast,  
And all the Nation's wealth against me massed."

Indignant at the wrong, Libertas cried :  
"Bring hither Plutocrat who's thus defied,  
Not only thee, but me, and all our power,  
Robbed thee of empire, me of rightful dower.

"But thou, O Civitas, be of good heart ;  
I am untouched in any mortal part.  
Still through my veins my goddess blood doth run,  
Infected by no taint of death begun ;  
Still is my soul with goddess thought inspired ;  
Still is my life with hope immortal fired ;  
Still I a goddess move, with power complete ;

Unhurt I live, unmasked must die the cheat ! ”

Swift messengers were quickly on their way  
To summon Plutocrat, without delay  
To plead his cause against the charge now made,  
That he, designedly, the state betrayed.  
He boldly came, defiantly maintained  
That he would hold by law what fraud had gained.

Libertas read to him th’ indictment found,  
That he the sovereign state in chains had bound ;  
Had favored friends, had punished foes, for gain ;  
Had giv’n life here, and there had wanton slain ;  
Had built some cities up, pulled others down,  
Alike capricious in his smile and frown ;  
Had of the press a censorship contrived,—  
While died opposing papers, friendly thrived ;  
Debauched elections, kept the courts in awe,  
Defied decrees and trampled on the law ;  
Had made himself a power above the state,  
As tyrant ruled ; and was as despot great.

When thus arraigned, he took up his defence,  
With legal lore and matchless impudence :

“ I told thy Civitas I was his son.

I own the fraud, but still I’m not undone.  
He gave me power no one can take away.  
This has been held for, lo ! this many a day,  
A vested right—however it be gained,  
By all the courts is sacredly sustained.

As I've begun, continue I my race,—  
For at my back's the Dartmouth College case."

Without the aud'ence room a hubbub rose  
Which brought the argument to sudden close.  
In deaf'ning din "Anarchia" rung out;  
In angry chorus, shout succeeding shout,  
"Anarchia! Anarchia!" is cried.

Tumultuous discord roared on every side.

With eyes aflame with vengeance, flashing death,  
With fury seething in her scorching breath,  
With rage exulting o'er a nation doomed,  
In frenzy seeing all of good entombed  
In ruin's yawning, world-receiving grave—  
No power to rescue and no help to save,  
Anarchia her way impatient urged,  
Pushed through the howling crowd that 'round her  
surged,

Advanced to Plutocrat and heard him own  
That he was not great Civitas's son;  
On him her scalding words in torrents poured:

"Hast thou, thou bastard traitor, man-abhorred;  
Hast thou, thou monster damned, thou self-begot,—  
Presumed to make known here our private plot?  
Thou think'st thyself immortal—so thou art;  
No eye but mine discerns thy mortal part;  
No curse but mine can make thy powers decay,  
No hand but mine can take thy life away.

That curse I now pronounce, that hand I raise,  
Who traitor proves to me, my vengeance slays !  
Thine impudence discretion hath outrun,—  
Who told thee to admit thou'rt not his son ?  
By my advice thou didst the role essay ;  
Till I forbade, it was thy part to play.  
Thy self-conceit my guardianship hath spurned ;  
Be thine the doom thy treachery hath earned !  
Thy use is served, thy work successful done,  
If thou wert once, thou art no more my son ! ”

What then transpired no one who saw could tell—  
The savage roar of myriad demons' yell,—  
The waving hand,—the mob's disordered dash,—  
The darkened sky, the shudd'ring earth, the flash,—  
The sweep of rushing feet,—the groan of pain,—  
This only's sure : proud Plutocrat was slain.

Anarchia, Libertas then assailed :  
“ My curse in execution has not failed.  
What I have done to him, do I to thee,—  
To thee, to thine—thy whole cursed progeny ! ”

Fierce in her eyes the fires of vengeance blazed,  
Her arm she bared, her hand to wave she raised.  
Libertas rage disarmed with quiet look ;  
The outstretched arm in nerveless tremor shook,  
The eye's bleared flame now flickered, faded, died,—  
The cursing breath a hopeless prayer now sighed ;  
The form, but now defiant, cringing bowed,—

That quiet glance a more than tigress cowed.  
Libertas spoke.—A silence deep, profound,  
Hushed as in death the tumult raging 'round.

“We saw thee now thy close ally there slay,  
Nor Civitas nor I could vengeance stay.

*A lawless power is lawlessly destroyed ;  
In vain to save, is lawful power employed.  
Who want protection must obedience give ;  
Must die by violence who lawless live.*

*Who taketh up the sword must by it fall,  
For sovereign law supreme reigns o'er us all.*  
With him destroyed thy power is also gone ;  
Thou wert a menace only through thy son.  
Forever palsied be thy nerveless arm ;  
Pursued thy life, with haunting law's alarm.  
Forever and forever shall thy name  
With curses spoken be, and damned thy fame.  
An exiled, broken wanton, go thou hence,  
And stalk the earth, embodied impotence.  
Go forth ; my curse pursues thee, shameless quean !  
Thy salutation be, ‘Unclean ! unclean !’ ”

The throng, but now on havoc's errand bent,  
In wonder stood, on scene and word intent ;  
Heard law, through love, its awful sentence speak,  
Heard, from her cursed, one agonizing shriek ;  
Then slowly backward swayed,—dissolved and fled.  
The foes of peace were gone—exiled or dead.

Libertas thus then Civitas addressed,  
Of sovereignty no longer dispossessed :

“Thou sovereign of my state, my lord, my life,  
Thus comes the triumph and thus ends the strife.  
Thy foes are vanquished and thy land is free,  
The plutarch’s dead, and banished anarchy.  
Supreme o’er all thy power unquestioned towers,  
No menace threatens and no danger lowers.  
Twice thou hast erred, by pride and weakness led ;  
Twice for thy sins, my heart sore smitten’s bled.  
Thou didst thy vow in pride’s presumption break,  
And for my love didst wealth in wedlock take.  
Thou didst return before it was too late,—  
Thus saved thyself and thine imperilled state.

“Distrust of me thou didst in weakness show,  
And ills, unnumbered, streamed to whelm in woe.  
Thy want of faith dark tyranny soon bred ;  
The lesson lives, though Plutocrat be dead.  
Omission and commission have thus stained  
A life with mine entwined, by mine sustained.

“The past is dead, the future lives and waits :  
Push boldly on, wide open stand the gates.  
Take that that’s thine ; let justice be thy lamp,  
On every act and law his image stamp.  
At once thy highways take to own and use,  
Resume the sovereignty that thou didst lose.  
Pursue thy wealth, if so inclined thou art,

But keep me ever first in mind and heart.  
Stand not and wait, but force thy destiny,  
And be the rock of law and liberty."

Thus answered Civitas : "My life, my all,  
The gain, how great, the sacrifice how small  
All to forsake to follow thee alone,  
Thy precepts heed, thy bondage free to own.  
Of broken vows, if new ones could be made  
To prove a love I, faithless, had betrayed,  
I would with sacred, solemn rite re-swear  
First in my heart thee always I would bear.  
In words I'll swear no more, an oath I'll live,—  
My thought, my toil, in service thee to give.  
My highways I will take and own and use ;  
Resume the sovereignty that I did lose ;  
From every statute wipe each hint at caste,  
And thus the future make retrieve my past ;  
Will make my country noble, great, and free,  
Enthroned *just law* to guard *wise liberty*."

Then spoke the Goddess : "See the morning break,  
To glor'ous day thy Nation to awake.  
Behold, O Civitas, the royal sun  
In majesty arise, his course to run !  
See him with steadfast step mount up the sky ;  
See darkness routed, ere he draweth nigh ;  
See earth revive as he new day doth bring ;  
See millions leap with joy to hail their king.—

So, in thy stalwart strength shalt thou arise,  
Ascend the shining heights that greet thine eyes ;  
Still onward, upward, force thy steadfast way ;  
Oppression's darkness flood with streams of day.  
Thy land, once plutarch's prey, once anarch's hope,  
Too great to yield, yet ignorant to cope,  
Irradiate, adorn with freedom's light,  
Sagacious make to see, and strong to fight ;  
Redeem thy country and thy laws remould ;  
To each day's eye a brighter page unfold,  
Till in thy law impartial justice shines  
And all thy life pure liberty refines.  
Taught by each journey's end where to begin,  
Attaining heights, still greater heights to win,  
Advancing ever, without pause or rest,  
Forever blessing and forever blest,  
Thou shalt, the youngest of the nations, stand,  
The Benjamin, the son of God's right hand ;  
From tyranny released, from menace free,—  
The hope, the fortress rock of liberty.  
So on thy brow the diadem behold,—  
Its gems thy virtues, and thy life its gold.  
As purest pearls for aye thy virtues shine,  
As burnished gold be kept thy life and mine.”













UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LIBRARY

---

**Due two weeks after date.**

YB 73178

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C045625816

269509

*Campbell*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

